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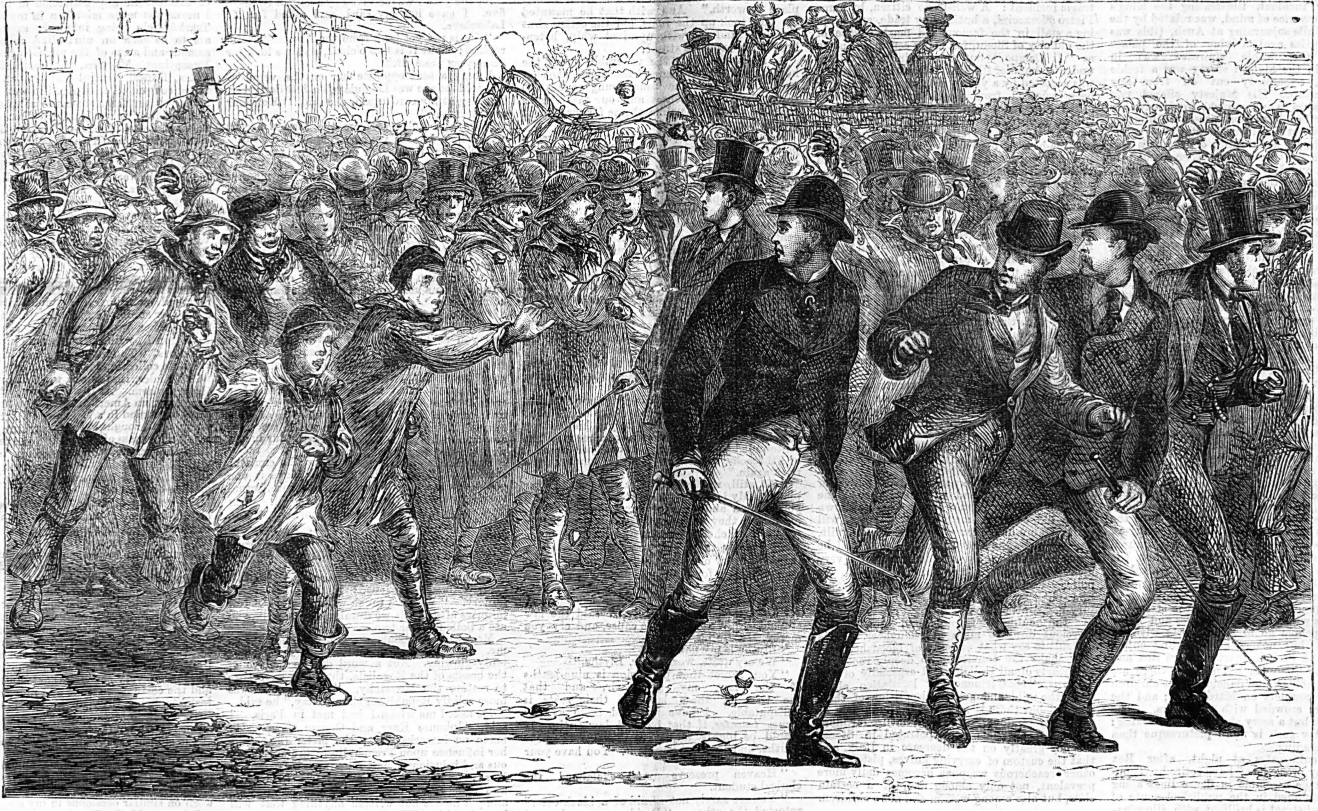
Stormy Lock-out Scene.

The Bishop of Manchester thinks there is a danger that the bad blood engendered by the continuance of the present wages strife between farmers and labourers may lead to a "peasant war," which he considers to be the most dreadful of all wars. From the amount of emigration going on, however, it is pretty evident that the farmers will soon have nothing but their own shadows to fight with unless they take the advice of sensible men, and submit to arbitration the matters in dispute between themselves and their labourers. The engraving we give on this page represents one of those skirmishes, not always bloodless, which have unfortunately taken place when parties in the dispute allowed their temper to get the better of their judgment. On the occasion of an open-air meeting being held in the suburbs of a market town in the Eastern Counties on the evening of a market-day, a few young farmers foolishly interrupted the speakers by hooting and causing considerable uproar. The crowd being large, and in full sympathy with the speakers, who were the recognised leaders of the labourers, this rude interruption by the farmers was so warmly resented that they were compelled to beat a hasty retreat, receiving some rough usage, and only escaping from the showers of stones, which mischievous boys threw after them, by taking refuge in their hotels. But no sooner did they congratulate themselves on being safely housed, than the field-skirmish became a regular siege. From the windows of one of the inns it was averred, missiles were thrown, and the crowd cheerfully retaliated by smashing a large number of panes, as if they liked to hear the work of destruction going on in the sound of falling glass. The *emeute*, which went quite far enough, might have proved still more serious if the delegates, who addressed the meeting, had not interposed their influence to prevent any further breach of the peace.



STORMY LOCK-OUT SCENE.

Behind the Scenes in
War-time.

The illustration, with the above title, depicts one of those pleasant episodes which were by no means uncommon during the late terrible struggle between France and Germany, and which presented a striking contrast to the horrors of the battle-field. Here we see a German soldier, quite oblivious of all international animosities, doing his very best to make himself at once useful and agreeable to the *débonnaire* French damsel, who evidently appreciates his efforts, and reciprocates his tender emotions. If Fritz and Marie could speak to each other in no other language than that of their respective countries, their love-making might be a trifle dull, slow, and confused; but the universal silent language of the eyes comes opportunely to their aid, and the radiant smile upon their faces shows that they understand each other perfectly well. Indeed from the helpless way in which Fritz is holding the hank, and the apparent pause of Marie in winding the worsted round the ball, it looks as if they were too much engrossed in love-making to think about anything else. The bottle and glass on the cupboard seem to indicate that the fortunate German soldier does not lack good cheer in the invaded country, and if he cannot now have a sip of the "good Rhine wine," he may smack his lips over a bumper of Bordeaux or Burgundy, poured out for him by the ministering hands of Marie.

"Kept In."

Our engraving of what in Scotland is called "the Scule-Scaling" may be said to speak for itself. The graphic points of the picture may be seized at a glance. Three of the scholars—two girls and a boy, who is evidently no dolt—are "kept in" to do penance for some faults or lapses in their lessons, while the rest of the scholars, delighted to get out into the open air, are being dismissed by the old-fashioned, grey-headed, be-spectacled dominie. The boy behind the master's back, who aggravates the disgrace and misery of the situation to his detained school-fellow by putting his thumb to his nose, twirling his fingers, and making grimaces, can hardly have calculated the probable consequences of his insulting conduct. The knitted brow, the fierce sidelong glance, the set lips, the clenched fist, speak eloquently of the coming retribution which may take ruddy effect on the tip of the nose now touched by the point of the thumb. One may readily see that the boy who has been kept in for laziness or mischievous pranks is the genius and hero of the school, and he is not likely to let anyone get off scot-free who has taken mean advantage of him when his hands were as good as tied. The different effect of the detention of the three scholars, making one sulky, the second sorrowful with tears, and the third fierce as ten furies, is well depicted by the artist. The old dominie, it may be noted, believes in the maxim that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." Feeling the need of recreation amid and after his arduous labours, he has a violin hanging ready at hand to revive his fagged faculties with the inspiriting music of familiar airs.

Slaughter and Capture of
Brigands.

The spirited illustration on our last page represents a successful attack, made by Italian soldiers, on the notorious brigand Manzi and nine of his followers. This Manzi (who is shown in his shirt-sleeves, with knife in one hand and revolver in the other) was for many years the terror of the extensive district in which he and his fierce bands were in the habit of waylaying travellers; and the ransom money he received for the release of wealthy captives is said to have been enormous. Many stories have appeared of the cruel sufferings undergone by the outlaw's victims, when they were ruthlessly dragged about from halting-place to halting-place until the exorbitant ransom demanded was paid.

The treachery of one of his men was the means of bringing about the death of Manzi and six of his followers, and the capture of the other three. Information was given to the authorities that he intended to sack the house of a certain rich landowner who resided in the neighbourhood of Stourno, near Frigento. Hardly had he gained possession, however, than the place was surrounded by soldiers, who called upon the brigand chief to surrender. A volley from the interior, which killed one and wounded two, was the response to this command, and the brigands rushed out to follow up their advantage. But they were stoutly opposed at the threshold, and the whole of the band, as already mentioned, with the exception of three, who became prisoners, were smitten to the ground after a short but desperate resistance. The figure shown in the doorway, with long hair and gleaming eyes, is Fippo, a faithful follower of the chief, who seems driven to bay, but who looks as if he were determined to sell dearly every drop of his blood that may be shed.

A Clan Marching to Battle.

In a Scotch contemporary there appeared the other day a very curious account of what was called "A Crofters' Riot," but which looked more like a little rebellion in the Western Isles. It would appear that a sheriff-officer, accompanied by a ground-officer, proceeded to serve about sixty summonses of removal in Bernera, and it was in course of carrying out this that the alleged assault and obstruction were committed. During the investigation which followed, one or two of the parties implicated came to Stornoway, and while there one of them was apprehended by the police. He resisted being taken to the station, and his friends came to his rescue. There being only two policemen in the town at the time, they were unequal to the duty, and a great crowd collected, none of whom seemed disposed to give them any assistance. Both the Procurators-fiscal and the Sheriff-Substitute were sent for, and arrived immediately. On the urgent entreaty of the latter, some young men in the crowd came to the assistance of the police, and after several hours struggling, the accused was conveyed to the lock-up, and having been judicially examined was committed to prison for further examination. All this caused great excitement. On the following day the accused was re-examined and admitted to bail. In the meantime his friends at Bernera had resolved on his rescue, and nearly one hundred and fifty of them, headed by a piper, marched into Stornoway for that purpose. Matters became then very alarming, and the Sheriff-Substitute put himself in communication with Sheriff Dingwall Fordyce, who was then at Golspie. The sheriff forthwith applied to the commander-in-chief of the forces in Scotland for military aid, and a detachment of soldiers at Fort-George was at once placed at his disposal. When the Bernera men arrived in Stornoway they found their friend at liberty, and they proceeded in a body to the castle, where they had an audience of the proprietor, who directed that the removings are not to be enforced. It is therefore hoped that what threatened to be a very serious matter has blown over, the Crofters having carried the day.

Terrible Wholesale Slaughter.

From Sourabaija (says a correspondent, writing from Batavia) we have just received intelligence of one of the most terrible instances of an "Amok" murder which has ever occurred in the Indian Archipelago. The murderer was an escaped convict, and the scene of the wholesale slaughter committed by this one man is Terna, a small island not far from Sourabaija. The fellow went on the afternoon of January 13th to the bazaar in the chief town of the island, where he bought some tobacco. He there drew his knife and attacked every one—man, woman, and child—within his reach, wounding and killing nineteen persons in less time than it takes to mention it. He then made his escape into the thick jungle which begins at the back of the town and runs up to the densely wooded hills. Of these nineteen wounded persons fifteen are dead, some killed outright, others lingering on for a day or two. For ten days this ruffian remained at large, to the great fear of the town and neighbourhood, few daring to venture out after dusk, and one and all shunning the "passar" or bazaar. During these ten days, regular, volunteer, and native troops were all called out, scouring the woods and jungles. On the 23rd he was captured, after wounding three of his pursuers, who were armed natives sent out by the Sultan of Terna. So irate were his captors, that, after chopping off his head, they literally cut his body into mincemeat. The Malays are a strange mixture of child and tiger—harmless in a general way and given to childlike pleasures, but, their passions once aroused, they become very fiends in their thirst for blood. Jealousy is the most frequent cause by far of their "Amoks."

Heartrending Famine
Spectacle.

Mr. Archibald Forbes has the following in one of his able letters from Bengal: Although I saw a great deal of famine-leanness, and a good deal of famine-emaciation in my visit to the Durbungah-Buheyra road works, I saw comparatively few cases of a dangerous or critical character, a circumstance which stands explained by what I have narrated in the first part of this letter. Occasionally, however, we came on heartrending spectacles of starvation, and there was one episode, the simple pathos of which affected me more than I can express in words. As we rode homeward through a little dip, we heard close to us the sound of low sobbing. Following the sound, we found sitting on the ground all alone a most miserable woman. When we spoke to her she did not seem to hear us, but continued to sob piteously, now and then breaking into a mournful cry. A ragged cloth covered her head and enwrapped her bosom, in which she was hugging something which we could not see. At first I thought the woman was ill, and alighting, I gently pulled a little aside the cloth that I might see her face. As I touched her she let it fall on to her shoulders, and back from her bosom; and what, think you, was it that she hugged there, and mourned over with a mourning so exceedingly engrossing? It was the corpse of her infant that she dandled and sobbed upon; that she pressed to her poor bosom as if the mother-heat would rekindle the spark of life that had flickered out.

As I gazed on it, I thought of similarly bereaved women at home, and tried by the comparison to hope that this poor creature, squatting all alone on the rice field, was in mercy spared anguish as acute as theirs. But the comparison did not result as I wished. Maternal love and maternal anguish are, I take it, much the same all the world over. Alike in the quiet homes of England, and in the famine-stricken rice fields of India, Rachel mourneth for her children, and refuseth to be comforted.

New Orleans Carnival.

In 1871, King Comus and his train presented picturesque groupings from Spenser's "Faery Queene;" in 1872, from Homer's "Tale of Troy;" and this year detailed the "Darwinian Development of the Species," from earliest beginnings to the gorilla, and thence to man. The crew of Comus has always paid the expenses of these displays itself, and has issued invitations only to as many people as could be accommodated within the walls of the theatre to witness the tableaux. It is composed of one hundred members, who are sworn severally to conceal their identity from all outsiders, and who have thus far succeeded admirably in accomplishing this object. The designs for their masks are made in New Orleans, and the costumes are manufactured from them in Paris yearly. In 1870 appeared the "Twelfth-Night Revelers"—who now yearly celebrate the beautiful anniversary of the visit of the wise men of the East to the manger of the Infant Saviour. In 1870 the pageants of this organisation were inaugurated by "The Lord of Misrule and his Knights;" in 1871, "Mother Goose's Tea Party" was given; in 1872, a group of creations of artists and poets and visionaries, from lean Don Quixote to fat Falstaff, followed; and in 1873 the birds were represented in a host of fantastic and varied tableaux. The two societies, Comus's Krewe and the Twelfth-Night Revelers, will soon bring the revels New Orleans up to the level of Italian magnificence.

Another feature has been added to the festivities, one which promises in time to be most attractive of all. It is the coming of Rex, the most puissant King of the Carnival. This amiable dignitary, depicted as a venerable man, with snow-white hair and beard, but still robust and warrior-like, made his first appearance on the Mississippi shores in 1872, and issued his proclamations through newspapers and upon placards, commanding all civil and military authorities to show subservience to him during his stay in "our good city of New Orleans." Therefore, yearly, when the date of the recurrence of Mardi-Gras has been fixed, the mystic King issues his proclamation, and is announced as having arrived at New York, or whatever other port seemeth good. At once thereafter, and daily, the papers teem with reports of his progress through the country, and anecdotes of his heroic career, which is supposed to have lasted for many centuries. The court report is usually conceived somewhat in the following terms,—supposed to be an anecdote related at the "palace," by an "old gray-headed sentinel:"

"Another incident, illustrating the King's courageous presence of mind, was related by the veteran. While sojourning at Auch, (this was several centuries ago), a wing of the palace took fire, the whole staircase was in flames, and in the highest storey was a feeble old woman, apparently cut off from any means of escape. His Majesty offered two thousand francs to any one who would save her from destruction, but no one presented himself. The King did not stop to deliberate; he wrapped his robes closely about him, called for a wet cloth—which he threw aside—then rushed to his carriage, and drove rapidly to the theatre, where he passed the evening listening to the singing of 'If ever I cease to love.'"

This is published seriously in the journals, next to the news and editorial paragraphs; and yearly, at one o'clock on the appointed day, King Rex, accompanied by Warwick, Earl-Marshal of the Empire, and by the Lord High Admiral, who is always depicted as suffering untold pangs from gout, arrives on Canal-street, and surrounded by fantastically dressed cavalry-men and infantry-men, and followed by hundreds of maskers on horseback and on foot. The parade is continued through all the principal streets of the city; and is gradually becoming one of the important features of the Carnival. Mounted on pedestals extemporised from cotton floats are dozens of allegorical groups, and the masks, although not so rich and costly as those of Comus and his crew, are quite as varied and mirth-provoking. The costumes of the King and his suite are gorgeous; and the troops of the United States, disguised as privates of Arabian artillery and as Egyptian spahis, do escort-duty to his Majesty. Rumour hath it, even, that on one occasion, the ladies of New Orleans presented a flag to an officer of the troops of King Rex, little suspecting that it was thereafter to grace the Federal barracks. Thus the Carnival has its pleasant waggeries and surprises.

Old Froissart thought the English amused themselves sadly; and indeed comparing the Carnival in Lousiana with the Carnival in reckless Italy, one might say that the Americans masqueraded grimly. There is but little of that wild luxuriance of fun in the streets of New Orleans which has made Naples and Rome so famous; people go to their sports with an air of pride, but not of all-pervading enjoyment. In the French quarter, when Rex and his train enter the queer old streets, there are shoutings, chaffings, and dancings; the children chant little couplets on Mardi-Gras; and the balconies are crowded with spectators. The negroes make but a sorry show in the masking: their every-day garb is more picturesque than their masquerading.

Carnival culminates at night, after Rex and the "day procession" have retired. Thousands of people assemble in dense lines along the streets included in the published route of march; Canal-street is brilliant with illumination, and swarms of humanity occupy every porch, balcony, house-top, pedestal, carriage and mule-car. Then comes the train of Comus, who appears only at night; and torch-bearers, disguised in *outré* masks, light up the way. At the last Carnival, one hundred figures represented "The Missing Links in Darwin's Origin of the Species." After the round through the great city is completed, the torchlight on the sky dies away, and the Krewe betake themselves to the Varieties Theatre, and present tableaux before the ball opens.

The Varieties Theatre, during the hour or two preceding the Mardi-Gras ball, presents one of the loveliest sights in Christendom. From floor to ceiling, the parquet, dress-circle and galleries are one mass of dazzling toilettes—for none but ladies are given seats. White robes, delicate faces, dark, flashing eyes, luxuriant folds of glossy hair, tiny, faultlessly gloved hands—such is the vision that an humble looker on of the masculine gender may see through his lorgnon.

Delicious music swells softly on the perfumed air, the tableaux wax and wane like kaleidoscopic effects; then suddenly the curtain rises, and the joyous, grotesque maskers appear upon the ball-room floor. They dance; gradually ladies and their cavaliers leave all parts of the galleries, and come to join them; then,

"No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet,
To chase the rosy hours with flying feet."

Meantime, the King of the Carnival holds a levée and dancing party at another hall; and all the theatres and public halls are delivered up to the votaries of Terpsichore; and the fearless, who are willing to usher in Lent with sleepless eyes, stroll home in the glare of the splendid Southern sunrise, yearly swearing that each Mardi-Gras hath verily surpassed its predecessor.—*Scribner's Monthly.*

A Canadian Backwoods' Custom.

The writer of "Life In the Backwoods of Canada," has the following: When your brother-in-law's logs for his house were ready, he called a "raising bee," which is the custom here, and fourteen of his neighbours responded to the call. This is for building up the walls of the house, and placing the rafters for the roof. Strength and willingness are most desirable at a "bee," but for the four corners, which have to be saddled, skill is likewise required, and therefore four of the best hands are always chosen for the corners. Saddling is cutting a piece out of the end of each log as it is raised, so that each succeeding log rests in the niche made for it, and thus when the building is finished, all is firm as a rock. No payment is expected for the assistance given, but good and plentiful meals are always provided. Sometimes these bees are quite festive meetings, where the wives and daughters of the settlers wait at table and supply the wants of the hungry visitors. At a bee which your brother attended some time ago, all the young women were in their Sunday attire, and they noticed even a sprinkling of book-muslin garibaldis. The female element was entirely wanting at your brother-in-law's bee, and two or three little things went wrong, but excuses are always made for the ignorance of new settlers, and in subsequent meetings on his behalf, the fare has been better, and full satisfaction given.

In the middle of the log-house stands out, hideously prominent, a settler's stove with a whole array of pots, pans, and kettles belonging to it, and which when not in use are generally hung up on the walls. In the very cold weather, when the fire has to be kept up night and day, it takes nearly the whole day's chopping of one man to supply it. You must not suppose that we had come into a furnished house—there had as yet been neither time nor means to get furniture of any kind. F. had herself been settled but a fortnight, and we were only too glad to sleep on the floor, to sit on upturned boxes, and to make the top of a large chest our dining-table.

An Italian Tragedy.

A Florence correspondent relates the following tragic incident: A well-to-do citizen, by name Pietro Pieraccini, a butcher by trade, and keeping a stall in the famous old market-place of the old city of Sienu, for many centuries known as "Il Campo," but now vainly rebaptised under the name of "Piazza Vittorio Emmanuele," was accosted by a young man who had recently been released from imprisonment, and who asked him for a loan or gift of one hundred francs (£4). Pieraccini, one of the most popular men in the city, and well-known for his free-handed benevolence, objected probably in this case either to the exorbitance of the demand or to the tone and character of the petitioner, and he met the application with a flat refusal, whereupon the young ruffian drew a knife and stabbed the butcher twice to the heart, killing him on the spot. A crowd witnessed the deed, and Pieraccini was "so dear to the multitude for his readiness to relieve all distress and to promote all schemes of beneficence, he was so distinguished a patron of the fine arts," says the account of the event in the *Gazette d'Italia*, "that the people would have inflicted summary justice on the criminal, had not carbineers and soldiers with the utmost difficulty rescued him from their fury." This incident occurred at about twelve o'clock at noon, while I was walking along the street or suite of streets, from which several slides or flights of steps lead to the place which was at that very moment the scene of the murder. Four hours later I walked to the station to be in time for the 5 o'clock train, and both on my way to the station and on the platform I was in the midst of a crowd. But I noticed no emotion, and I heard no remark which could raise a suspicion that anything extraordinary had happened. Though Pieraccini's murder was perpetrated in the light of day before a thousand witnesses, though the criminal has been taken redhanded and is known as an old offender, months, if not years, will elapse before he is brought to trial for his guilt, and by that time a revulsion of feeling will be wrought in the people's minds, so that the very men who, without the interference of the police, would most certainly have lynched him on the spot will, if they sit in the jury-box, plead extenuating circumstances in the culprit's favour, and reduce his atrrcious deed to mere manslaughter. It is difficult to say what amount of bloodshed will ever shake the conviction so deeply rooted in the hearts of all Italians, and especially of the Tuscans, "that leniency of legislation alone befits the mild and gentle disposition of their people," but there is no doubt that murders of the same kind, and even of a nature far more heinous, than the one perpetrated in Stena, are not greatly on the decrease in Italy, and that the custom of carrying knives, pistols, and other treacherous weapons becomes daily more prevalent, not only among men of a certain class, but also among women and mere children.

A Tale of English Mail-Coach Days.

An English gentleman of true John Bull proportions—weighing some eighteen or twenty stone—had occasion to travel in summer by stage-coach from Oxford to London. The stage carried six inside; and our hero engaged two places (as, in consideration of his size, he usually did) for himself. The other four seats were taken by Oxford students.

These youths, being lighter than our modern Lambert, reached the stage before he did, and each snugly possessed himself of a corner seat, leaving a centre seat on each side vacant. The round, good-tempered face of John Bull soon after appeared at the carriage door; and, peering into the vehicle and observing the local arrangements, its owner said, with a smile, "You see I am of a pretty comfortable size, gentlemen; so I have taken two seats. It will greatly oblige me if one of you will kindly move into the opposite seat, so that I may be able to enter."

"My good sir," said a pert young law-student, "possession is nine-tenths of the law. You engaged two seats. There they are, one on each side. We engaged one each, came first, entered regularly into possession, and our titles to the seats we occupy are indisputable."

"I do not dispute your titles," said the other, "but I trust to your politeness, seeing how the case stands, to enable me to pursue my journey."

"O, hang politeness!" said a hopeful young scion of some noble house, "I have a horror of a middle seat, and would not take one to oblige my grandmother; it's ungraceful as well as uncomfortable; and, besides, one has no chance of looking at the pretty girls along the road. Good old gentleman, arrange your concerns as you please; I stick to my corner." And he leaned back, yawned, and settled himself with hopeless composure in his place.

Our corpulent friend, though a man not easily discomposed, was somewhat put out by this unmannerly obstinacy. He turned to a smart-looking youth with a simper on his face,—a clerical student who had hitherto sat in a revery, possibly thinking over his chances of a rich benefice in the future. "Will you accommodate me?" he asked; "this is the last stage that starts for London to-day, and business of urgent importance calls me to town."

"Some temporal affair, no doubt," said the graceless youth, with mock gravity; "some speculation with filthy lucre for its object. Good father, at your age your thoughts should turn heavenward, instead of being confined to the dull, heavy tabernacle of clay that chains us to earth." And his companions roared with laughter at the "d—d clever joke."

A glow of indignation just coloured the stranger's cheeks; but he mastered the feeling in a moment, and said, with much composure, to the fourth, "Are you also determined that I shall lose my place; or will you oblige me by taking a centre seat?"

"Ay, do, Tom," said his lordship to the person addressed; "he's something in the way of your profession, quite a physiological curiosity. You ought to accommodate him."

"May I be poisoned if I do!" replied the student of medicine. "In a dissecting-room, he'd make an excellent subject; but in a coach, and this warm weather too! Old gentleman, if you'll put yourself under my care, I'll engage in the course of six weeks, by a judicious course of depletives, to save you hereafter the expense of a double seat. But, really, to take a middle seat in the month of July is contrary to all the rules of hygiene, and a practice to which I have a professional objection."

And the laugh was renewed at the old gentleman's expense.

By this time the patience of coachee, who had listened to the latter part of the dialogue, was exhausted. "Harkee, gemmen," said he, "settle the business as you like; but it wants just three-quarters of a minute of twelve, and with the first stroke of the University clock my horses must be off. I would not wait three seconds longer for the king, God bless him. 'Twould be as much as my place is worth." And with that he mounted his box, took up the reins, bid the ostler shut the door, and sat with upraised whip, listening for the expected stroke.

As it sounded from the venerable belfry the horses, as if they recognised the signal, shot off at a gallop with the four young rogues, to whom their own rudeness and our fat friend's dilemma afforded a polific theme for merriment during the whole stage.

Meanwhile the subject of their mirth hired a postchaise, followed and overtook them at the second change of horses, where the passengers get out ten minutes for lunch. As the postchaise drove up to the inn door, two young chimney-sweeps passed with their bags and brooms and their well-known cry.

"Come hither, my lads," said the corpulent gentleman, "what say you to a ride?"

The whites of their eyes enlarged into still more striking contrast with the dark shades of the sooty cheeks. "Will you have a ride, my boys, in the stage-coach?"

"Ees, zur," said the elder, scarcely daring to trust the evidence of his ears.

"Well, then, ostler, open the stage-door. In with you! And, d' ye hear? be sure to take the two middle seats; so, one on each side."

The guard's horn sounded, and coachee's voice was heard: "Only one minute and-a-half more, gen'lemen; come on!"

They came, bowed laughingly to our friend of the corporation, and passed on to the coach. The young lord was the first to put his foot on the steps. "Why, how now, coachee? What confounded joke is this! Get out, you rascals, or I'll teach you how to play gentlemen such a trick again."

"Sit still, my lads; you're entitled to your places. My lord, the two middle seats, through your action and that of your young friends, are mine; they were regularly taken and duly paid for. I choose that two *protégés* of mine shall occupy them. An English stage-coach is free to every one who behaves quietly, and I am answerable for their good conduct; so mind you behave, boys! Your lordship has a horror of a middle seat; pray take the corner one."

"Overreached us, by Jove!" said the law student. "We give up the cause, and cry you mercy, Mr. Bull."

"Blythe is my name."

"We cry quits, worthy Mr. Blythe."

"You forget that possession is nine-tenths of the law, my good sir, and that the title of these lads to their seats is indisputable. I have installed them as my *locum tenentes*, if that be good law Latin. It would be highly unjust to dislodge the poor youths, and I cannot permit it. You have your corner."

"Heaven preserve us!" exclaimed the clerical student.

"You are surely not afraid of a black coat," retorted the other. "Besides, we ought not to suffer our thoughts to dwell on petty earthly concerns, but to turn them heavenward."

"I'd rather go through my examination a second time than to sit by these dirty devils," groaned the medical student.

"Soot is perfectly wholesome, my young friend; and you will not be compelled to violate a single hygienic rule. The corner you selected is vacant. Pray get in."

At these words, coachee, who had stood grinning behind, actually cheated into forgetfulness of time by the excellence of the joke, came forward. "Gentlemen, you have lost me a minute and a quarter already. I must drive on without ye, if so be ye don't like your company."

The students cast rueful glances at each other, and then crept warily into their respective corners. As the ostler shut the door he found it impossible to control his features. "I'll give you something to change your cheer, you grinning rascal!" said the disciple of Æsculapius, stretching out of the window; but the ostler nimbly evaded the blow.

"My white pantaloons!" cried the lord.

"My beautiful drab surtout!" exclaimed the lawyer expectant. "The filthy rascals!"

The noise of the carriage-wheels and the unrestrained laughter of the spectators drowned the sequel of their lamentations.

At the next stage a bargain was struck. The sweeps were liberated and dismissed with a gratuity; the seats shaken and brushed; the worthy sons of the university made up, among themselves, the expenses of the postchaise; the young doctor violated, for once, the rules of hygiene, by taking a middle seat; and all journeyed on together, without furthur quarrel or grumbling, except from coachee, who declared that "to be kept over time a minute and a quarter at one stage and only three seconds less than three minutes at the next was enough to try the patience of a saint; that it was!"—*Robert Dale Owen, in Atlantic Monthly.*

Laboulaye at Home.

Versailles in early June is one of the most delightful places of residence in the world. When I was there, thirty years ago, there was something decidedly and charmingly dreamy about the town. Such a contrast to noisy, magnificent Paris. Why, the grass was growing in the Rue Royale, and at the hotel they seemed to wonder that any stranger should come and stop there. I really thought that I had the scene of "Dornroeschen" before me, and what few people I met in the streets, it seemed to me, would have been more in keeping with the general aspect of their town had they worn the costume of the seventeenth century.

How everything was changed when I arrived there ox the 2nd of June last! Everywhere soldiers and civil dignitaries, from the haughty minister down to the supercilious *huissier*. But, then, Versailles, from a mere historical relic, a sort of mausoleum of King Louis le Grand, had become the political capital of France, the seat of its President and of its National Assembly.

When I alighted at the railway-depot a smart-looking boy said to me: "Shall I conduct monsieur to the palace of the National Assembly? Only two sous."

The boy looked in surprise at me when I shook my head. He undoubtedly thought, "What can the old stranger have come to Versailles for, but to attend a sitting of the National Assembly?"

Ah! the boy did not know how many assemblies I had visited in the course of my long life. These noisy, monotonous bodies never had any attraction for me.

The boy was about turning away from me, when I said to him:

"My son, can you show me where M. Edouard Laboulaye lives?"

"Certainly," he said; "he lives on the corner of the Avenue de la République and the Rue des Boulangers."

I gave him two sous, and he led the way thither.

Ten minutes afterward we were there. M. Laboulay's residence is a veritable little fairy palace—a beautiful villa, grown all over with ivy and grape-vines, and set in the most luxuriant bouquet of roses, such as I had never seen anywhere except in the gardens of Lombardy.

At the gate I was received by a lady of twenty-five. I gave her my card, and asked for M. Laboulaye.

"He is not yet back from the Assembly," she replied; "but it is two o'clock, and we look for him every moment."

I took a seat opposite her on the veranda. She told me she was Laboulaye's eldest daughter. Looking at my card again, she said, "Monsieur is a German?"

"Do you judge so from the foreign accent with which I speak your language?" I asked.

"Oh, no; from your name," she answered, with a smile.

When I told her I was a Dane, her manner toward me became by far more cordial; and when I told her who I was, she shook me by the hand, and exclaimed:

"O my dear Monsieur Andersen, you are no stranger at our house. Papa knows you, and . . . ," and so forth, dear reader. The young lady made me blush as she alluded to my tales. She ran to the library, and quickly returned with a volume of the French translation of my tales.

"See how well-thumbed it is. Papa read this book to us years ago; and there he is to tell you so himself," she added, rising, and pointing to a slender, elderly gentleman, with thoughtful mien, somewhat bent form, and scanty grey hair.

She ran to meet him, and whispered a few words to him. It was her father, the eloquent and learned Edouard Laboulaye. He at once turned his brightening eyes toward me, and accelerated his pace. A second later our hands were clasped together.

I had the heartiest greeting from the eminent scholar. Scholar, do I say? Laboulaye is one of the few mortals that combine all intellectual excellences in themselves. As M. Jean Lemoine had told me that very morning, "You will find in him a great jurist, a sagacious statesman, a brilliant orator, a sweet poet, a fascinating story-teller, and—the most amiable of men."

That was a true description, every word of it.

M. Laboulaye excused himself for being hungry. "Would I lunch with him?" A few minutes afterwards we drank a cup of milk, and ate a boiled egg or two.

Meanwhile, Laboulaye was talking politics to me. His faith in the destinies of France was truly glowing. Not a word did he believe of the boasts of the Royalists, that they were sure to restore the Monarchy. "France never was more solidly Republican than to-day," he said.

He asked me whom I had met in Paris. I said, Alphonse Karr and George Sand. He made no remarks about the latter (he thinks her influence upon French literature mischievous and injurious); but remarked in regard to Karr: "The poor man has frittered his talents away. They are very great I can assure you, and yet he has not written anything that will live after him. His pen rested for fifteen years; and when, at length, he published a book again, we looked for something extraordinary. A great disappointment. He had better kept silence altogether."

He himself, he told me then, had not written anything worth mentioning for several years.

"I believe," he said, smilingly, "I have done my share as a writer. The reviews, the *Journal des Débats*, and committee-work in the Assembly, absorb most of my time."

"And yet," I remarked, "I was told that you were issuing a revised edition of your belles-lettres works."

"Oh, yes; that takes about two hours every morning before breakfast," he answered; and then he told me all about how he spent his days: work, work, work, from early dawn till late at night. And yet, most people would call Laboulaye an old man. I found this capacity for long-continued mental work among the French scholars to a greater extent than in any other country. M. Guizot, I was told, was daily ten hours at his desk. . . . . . .

I expressed my extreme regret at being too feeble for much serious work. M. Laboulaye was kind enough to praise my last little book, and he made me promise to send him a copy of it in Danish—for this extraordinary man, besides his other wonderful attainments, reads almost all the languages of Europe. As we were conversing, the letter-carrier came in, and deposited a dozen newspapers from various countries on our table. I picked up the London *Times*, and M. Laboulaye observed that he wished his own country had such a journal. "The trouble with us, however," he said, "is, that we are averse to reading much serious matter at one time. The average Frenchman cannot stand more than one editorial. The English, on the contrary, care more for news, however poorly written, than for our gay French newspaper trifles. . . ." And so the conversation went on for an hour longer, until it became time for me to take the train back to Paris.

I had spent one of the most delightful days of my whole journey.—*Hans C. Andersen, in "Scandinavian Review."*

In High Latitudes.

Mr. Alexander Delmar, member of the Eighth Congress of Nations at St. Petersburg, gives an interesting account of his Russian travels in *Appleton's Journal*, including a visit to Tsarkoe-Selo—the Versailles of Russia, the summer palace of the Emperors—which is situated about twenty miles from St. Petersburg, and which has been frequently mentioned in connection with the recent marriage of the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh.

One of the apartments, says Mr. Delmar, near the central entrance of the Summer Palace is worthy of more than passing remark. It is a small room, with (I think) a common brick flooring. In it is a single article of furniture—a common cot. There is a bed and some bedclothing upon it. The bed is made, as we phrase it, and the clothing neatly turned down from the bottom of the pillow. A mustached veteran of the guards is in charge of this bed, and he informs you that in it died Peter the Great, and that it has not been touched since his day. Another room is noticeable for its absence of ornament of any kind; a plain little room, hung with common wall-paper, and furnished with ordinary, though comfortable, movables; a little room on the ground-floor, with a porch outside of it, covered with vines and roses; a room that opens by way of this porch into a little garden within the palace inclosure; a cozy little room, such a one as is to be found in every suburban villa in the world. This, we were told, is the room most loved by the reigning Emperor—the one to which he and the Empress generally retired to escape the irksome formalities and ceremonies inseparable from existence in the more pretentious apartments of the palace.

The private chapel of their majesties was another object of interest; so, too, was the collection of state table-service: dishes and plates of gold, tankards and goblets of gold, etc. But the crowning glory of Tsarkoe-Selo, after its grounds and water-works, is its museum of arms, trophies, and presents.

After viewing the collection in the Tower of London, I suppose there would be little of interest in any collection of ancient arms. I never was more mistaken in my life: that of Tsarkoe-Selo being infinitely superior. Here are to be seen an unrivalled collection of the armour and arms of the middle ages; of Turks, Byzantines, Magyars, Galicians, Lithuanians, Poles, Danes, Mongol Tartars, and other nations, conquered or engaged in war by the Russians. After these come the arms and trophies of later days, taken from the Teutons, Scandinavians, Poles, Mongols, Persians, Turks, Prussians, British, and French. Among these are numerous Hungarian, Polish, and French battle-flags, but I saw no British ones. The presents made to the various sovereigns of Russia are exceedingly beautiful and valuable. There are two saddle-cloths, one yellow the other blue, literally covered with splendid diamonds, presents from Sultans of Turkey. The combined value of these two articles alone is said to be forty-eight million roubles, or over thirty million dollars! But I fancy, notwithstanding their great splendour, that this is a gross exaggeration. There are innumerable diamond snuff-boxes, diamond-hilted swords, and other similar articles—among them a portfolio, either presented by or captured from Napoleon I., with his monogram upon it, set in brilliants. The rooms in which this vast and valuable collection is arranged, are so crowded with articles, that it was with difficulty we got through them. As it was, one of the ladies of our party, an American, got some portion of her dress entangled in a Milanese corslet hanging on a peg, and brought it to the ground, and with it a clattering mass of other antique army-clothing. That the jackets worn by soldiers in the olden time had no shoddy about them was abundantly testified by the pain and alarm which this little episode occasioned.

After a day of satiety in sight-seeing, we embarked in a government vessel from a wharf at the foot of the palace-grounds, and returned to St. Petersburg by way of the bay.

Next day we took a man-of-war at the *Quai du Palais en face du Palais de Marbre*, and steamed for Cronstadt, to see that fortification and attend the yacht-club *fête*. On the way down we had dinner on the quarter-deck of the frigate, toasts to America, and fraternity between the two greatest empires of the earth! We "did" Cronstadt in an hour, re-embarked for the Islas, and arrived at the club-house a little before dusk, and just in time for the races. These were very good, the boats and equipments and the costumes, stroke and muscle of the contestants, being fully up to the most exacting British collegiate standard. The races were over at dusk, refreshments were served, and a grand ball at the club-house begun. It was here that I first enjoyed the society of Russian ladies. I found them pretty, vivacious, and very tasteful in dress; the latter being in extreme French mode, far outvying in elegance the costumes worn on similar occasions in my own country.

I have said the Russian women are pretty. This remark applies exclusively to those of the highest rank, the lower classes (there is substantially no class between the nobles and peasantry) being extremely homely. Of this more when I come to speak of the ethnological and social characteristics of this great empire. There is one great drawback to the beauty of Russian ladies—a drawback which, I am sorry to say, they share to a certain extent with American ladies: this is sallowness of complexion, which is almost universal among aristocratic Russians. That it is wholly attributable to confinement in-doors is evident from the equally universal freshness of complexion which characterises the lowest orders. It is the entire absence of this sallowness, which is more or less common among the ladies of Northern Continental Europe, with English ladies, that constitutes the chief basis of that extreme beauty for which the latter are justly famous. Out-door exercise is very common among ladies in England; it is next most common in America, though there it is much less common than it should be, for the sake of health as well as beauty. Hence, if instances are selected, American women are the most beautiful in the world, for they possess a charm which no others possess in like degree—intelligence. But, as an entire class, I think the palm for beauty should go the English-women.

The Russian ladies dance with frightful earnestness. I noticed this all over Russia. The spinning waltz and the mad galop are their favourite figures, and woe to him who stands within the swing of their ample garments on such occasions!

News Miscellany.

Greek and Good Looks.—According to the *Echo*, a young lady was once heard to excuse her objection to severe application to study on the ground that it might make her head become too large for beauty. It seems that the State superintendent of the Minnesota schools entertains a similar opinion of the incompatibility between personal charms and a high degree of mental culture. He lately received a letter asking his help in securing a schoolmistress able to teach Latin and Greek and take charge of a hundred pupils, and possessing withal experience, age, and good looks, to which he replied as follows: "I know of no lady who can fill your bill. A good-looking woman who can teach Greek and Latin and run a high school of one hundred pupils cannot be found. Good-looking women never study Greek."

A Chinaman Palming Himself off as a Macpherson.—The preponderance of Germans in certain fields of commercial enterprise is not more remarkable than that of Scotchmen in some of our most flourishing colonies. A correspondent in New Zealand tells the following story in illustration of the supremacy of the Scottish race in Otago. Tenders were the other day invited for some public work to be executed there. One Macpherson was successful. Mr. Macpherson was accordingly invited to attend and complete his contract. To the amazement of all the officials, a Chinaman, with a noble pig-tail, put in an appearance. "Where's Mr. Macpherson?" asked the clerk. "Me!" replied John, "How come you to be called Macpherson?" "Oh, nobody get nothing in Otago if he be not a Mac," replied the unabashed Celestial.

The Pleasure of Fighting for Liberty.—A belated traveller stopped at a comfortable farmhouse in the West, where he was hospitably entertained. Observing next morning the comfort and plenty all round him, he could not but congratulate his host on his lot. "The farmer's life," he exclaimed, "is the happiest of all human lots, and I must say, my friend, that you are as happily fixed as any farmer I ever knew." "Wall," remarked his host, "that's your notion, but 'tain't mine. I intend to sell out and move down into Texas." "What! leave this peaceful and happy home for such a savage country, where you would have to sleep every night on your arms and carry your rifle strapped across your shoulder while ploughing in the field!" "Yes, sir," was the reply; "who would live in a country where he couldn't fight for his liberty."

A Sympathetic American Judge.—Those ladies whose tales of "blighted affections" are poured into the sympathising ears of an English jury are far better off than their suffering sisters across the Atlantic, for the judges of the United States tribunals are apt to take a harsh and ungallant view of actions for breach of promise of marriage which is anything but acceptable to those who believe in the infallibility of woman. The New York journals contain the account of an action brought by Miss Amelia Domerschlag against Mr. Augustus Becker for the recovery of 200 dollars as compensation for his refusal to execute a formal promise to marry. The defendant, while admitting that he had proposed to, and been accepted by, the young lady, stated that after spending eight months on a visit to her mother he had arrived at the conclusion that his future mother-in-law's temper would be an insuperable barrier to their wedded happiness. The following dialogue then passed between the judge and the defendant: The Judge: "Had your intended mother-in-law announced her intention of residing with you after the marriage, of keeping house for you, and taking care of your moneys?" The Defendant: "Yes, Mr. Judge." The Judge (sympathetically): "Proceed, young man." The Defendant: "I was very fond of Miss Amelia, but I broke off the engagement because of her mother." The Judge: "Well, my young friend, would you rather pay 200 dollars to the plaintiff or marry her and live with your mother-in-law?" The Defendant (emphatically): "Pay the 200 dollars." The judge then proceeded to give judgment in the following terms: "Young man, permit me to give you a cordial shake of the hand. I was once placed in the same predicament as you, Mr. Becker, and had I possessed your decision of character I should have been spared five-and-twenty years of infinite worry and vexation. I had the choice of paying 150 dollars in gold or of marrying; being poor, I accepted the latter alternative, and have bewailed it ever since, I am pleased to meet a man cast in your mould. My decision is that you are acquitted, and that the plaintiff must pay a fine of ten dollars, with the costs, for attempting to place an honest man beneath the yoke of a mother-in-law. You may go."

Ruffians in Buenos Ayres.—The *Daily News* of Buenos Ayres reports the existence of a band of ruffians who have made it a constant practice to waylay, rob, and murder all milkmen they can catch unawares. For some time past the milkmen have come in "posses" à la caravan style to save their throats and pockets, but whenever one or two of them straggle from the "posse" down pounce the cut throats and murder follows. One of the papers gives particulars relative to the murder of Mr. Vallance, one evening, by a gaucho named Salamin. The deceased rode over to see Don Eduardo Olivera, at San Justo, relative to some situation to which that gentleman had appointed him. He left to return home at six o'clock, and at the Paso de la Noria he met a well-known character named Salamin a "mauvais sujet," well known in the neighbourhood. The fellow raised a pistol and took deliberate aim at Vallance; the weapon missed fire, and Mr. Vallance, being unarmed, saw that his only hope was in his horse, and started off at full gallop. The murderer pursued and gradually gained on his victim, overtaking him near the "rancho" of a respectable "vecino," named Perez, who saw the assassin in pursuit, but imagined the galloping was mere fun till he saw Mr. Vallance crawling to his house with eight stabs in his body. He received six stabs in the back, apparently while flying, and when he fell the murderer gave him one in the breast and another in the abdomen. He became delirious shortly after reaching Perez's cottage but had time to mention the murderer's name and the other particulars. Deceased, whose father is a clergyman in Scotland, was of good family and education, and was a great favourite with all who knew him. The sorrow displayed at the horrid crime was widespread. Several gentlemen got up a reward for the arrest of the murderer, who is well known, and a most ruffianly character. The only cause of enmity he could have had against deceased was being warned off his land on one occasion for "campeando."

Colliers and Cakes.—There are some diverting stories (says the *Pictorial World*) going about in connection with the changed fortunes of our colliers. The other day two pitmen called upon an owner about "butty work" in a gig, and they gave a man half-a-crown for holding the horse. This is a Durham story, and it is vouched for by an old friend of mine. The following comes from the neighbourhood of Leeds, and I can guarantee the truth of the story myself: Bill: "What's that stuff?" said one pitman to another, pointing to a bridecake in a confectioner's window.—"Doan't know, lad; its a grand caake o' some kind, cover'd wi' sugar and things."—"Hast iver taasted it?" —"Noa, lad."—"What is there inside on 'em?"—"O, there's currans and raisons, and th'loike."—"Would'st loike to have a taast?" —"Shouldna' moind, lad."—"Come into th' shop, then." The two pitmen go in, and then ensues the following conversation: First Pitman: "Want some o' that caake i' th' winder." —Confectioner: "Yes, sir." [Brings out buns and cakes.]—Bill: "Noa, not them; chap wants yon big'un wi sugar and things on it."—Confectioner: "This! Why that is a bride cake."—First Collier: "Ole reight, bring it out. Do you make a pound on it?"—Confectioner (endeavouring to look serious): "No; we do not cut such a cake as that."—First Pitman to Bill (puzzled): "They doant cut it."—Bill: "So t' chap says. Ax him t' proice o' t'lot."—First Pitman (to Confectioner): "What's proice o' t' caake?"—Confectioner (smiling): "Two guineas."—First Pitman: "Ole reight I'll take it."—Confectioner (more serious): "Very well, sir; and where shall we send it to?"—First Pitman: "Two pund two shilling. There's the money."—Confectioner: "And where shall we send it to?"—Bill: "Nowhere: we'll tak it wi' us; we're only goin' to 'Feathers' next door to have a point o' yale." They took the cake next door, and ate it over their "yale." And why should they not, if they could digest it?

The Last of the "Swamp Angels."—The debateable land between the civilised portions of the American Continent and the desert or the sea is fast narrowing, and the number of outcasts from the abodes of law-abiding citizens who there lead a wild life of rapine and bloodshed, is rapidly diminishing; but deeds are still done either by these desperadoes or by others, in the attempt to bring them within the grasp of the law which, as reported in the columns of the New York journals, appear in strange contrast with the rest of their contents. Steve Lowery, the last of a gang of negro outlaws, known as the "Swamp Angels," who kept the mountain districts of North Carolina in terror for ten years, has been killed by three young white men, under circumstances which the fact that the State legislature had set a price on Steve's head does not deprive of a certain treacherous character. The avengers came up with the outlaw at a whiskey camp and conversed with him, bidding him good-night at the close of the interview. Instead, however, of leaving the camp altogether they crept round to within 20 yards of the negro, waiting till they could fire clear of his friends, whom he was amusing by thrumming on a banjo. At last these all left but one "coloured individual," when the party fired, killing the outlaw, and scratching the ears of the individual.

King John of Saxony and the Telegraphist.—The late King of Saxony, according to a German paper, was in the habit, out of regard to the public interest, of attending the courts of justice, the higher and lower schools, and the different Government offices, to see all the State institutions in working order. One day, King John appeared at the telegraph office of a small station, taking the clerk by surprise. This official had only time to telegraph to his colleague at the next station, "The King has just arrived on a visit of inspection," before he was summoned to give all possible details to his sovereign with regard to the amount of traffic in the place, the number of despatches received, the number sent out, &c. Presently a message came along the wire which the clerk read with much embarrassment. "What are the contents of that despatch," inquired the King. The official stammered out that the contents were unimportant: but his Royal master insisting on being informed, the unhappy clerk was at length compelled to acknowledge that he had telegraphed to his neighbour, "The King has just arrived," and that the answer he had received ran thus: "The King pokes his nose into everything!" The result of this cheerful message is not given, but from the character of old King John we may infer that the sender was treated to something more than a "bad quarter of an hour."

Lucky Escape of a Lawyer.—The *San Francisco Chronicle* publishes the following from a correspondent: "In passing through Slack Canon on Sunday, the 8th of February, I called at J. C. Flores' saloon. Deputy Sheriff G. W. Cheek had a Mexican under arrest, who was suspected of being one of the Vasquez gang. The deputy was holding him over until Monday, intending to take him before Judge Alesworth for trial. One Thomas H. Hunt, a lawyer of considerable ability, was there waiting to prosecute the Mexican. Hunt, having copiously quaffed the flowing bowl, was asleep in the saloon, when a body of armed men, painted and attired as Indians, broke in, and mistaking the lawyer for the prisoner, put chains on him, and passing a rope over one of the beams, put a noose round his neck and drew him up. But for the great bravery and presence of mind displayed by the deputy sheriff, who, at the peril of his own life, rushed in and cut the rope, the lawyer would have been successfully hanged. During the excitement the Mexican got away, and has not been heard from since."

A Patriotic Painter.—The great German painter Kaulbach, whose death is now mourned by the whole Empire of Germany, was an enthusiastic patriot, and the recent military successes of his countrymen had raised his passionate love of the Fatherland to the highest pitch. He lately painted a picture, which was thus dedicated to the German people, in his own handwriting: "The holy German Michael to the valiant German people by Wilhelm Kaulbach." The Archangel Michael is "the guardian angel" of the Germans, among whom his name stands for all that his strong and great. This picture represents the Archangel wearing the Iron Cross, and pointed helmet, his countenance glowing with that expression of cheerfulness and quiet energy common to the best specimens of the Teutonic race, and swinging his sword with an action expressive of irresistible power. The wearer of the tiara is seen flying from this avenging angel, while the French Emperor and his son, the representative of French Legitimacy and a couple of Jesuits, have fallen wounded at his feet. This allegory into which Kaulbach had infused all his patriotic feeling was actually his last work.

The Troubles of a Prime Minister.—The position of a Prime Minister is (says a New York contemporary) extremely laborious and fatiguing. All the anxieties and responsibilities of administration fall mainly on his shoulders, and he has also the internal difficulties of the Ministry to contend with. When two of his colleagues quarrel, he has to make it up between them. When one of them falls into a hole, he has to fish him out again. Apart from the mental strain, the mere physical part of the work is very severe. The Prime Minister is busy in his office, at Downing-street, all the morning, reading letters, writing or dictating letters, giving instructions, and seeing people on all sorts of subjects. Every few days he has a deputation to receive and to answer. At 4.30 he must be in his place at the House of Commons to reply to any questions that may be put to him. It is not every night that he can snatch an hour to go home to dinner, and a hasty cutlet in the dining-room must be swallowed instead. As a rule he is back in the House at nine o'clock at the latest, and remains until the end of the sitting, which is seldom before two o'clock, and is sometimes as late or early as three or four. When he gets to bed nobody knows. It is necessary that the head of the Government should be acquainted with the general working of all the departments, and with all questions of controversy as they arise, and this naturally involves a vast amount of reading and study.

Tragical Affair.—The *Courrierde Narbonne* contains an account of a tragical affair at Ginestas (Aude). A lucifer-match dealer named Hérail went to the house of his son-in-law, Espagnac, keeper of a café, and on the latter opening the door, discharged a pistol at him, lodging a bullet in his breast. The wounded man had strength to reach the first floor, where his daughter and a woman opened the window and called for assistance, and were also fired on by Hérail, but received no injury. The murderer resisted the attempts made by some neighbours to arrest him, threatening them also; but when he saw the gendarmes coming to take him, he put the firearm to his mouth and blew out his own brains. The other man is lying in a critical state. The crime is believed to have originated in an ill-feeling, caused by disputes relative to money matters.

Story of a Hare.—The *Revue de l'Ouest* states that a gentleman of Saujon, having sent a hare to a friend during the closed season, got into the following difficulties: The hamper was labelled "Fruit," and the railway company took proceedings against him for a false description. Whereupon a second action was commenced against him by the octroi for not having made the usual declaration. A note was attached to the hare addressed to its destinee, on which account the post-office entered an action against the sender. Finally the public prosecutor took proceedings against him for sending game during the prohibited period. A compromise was effected with the octroi and post-office, but the other proceedings were carried on to the bitter end. The result was a fine of 50 francs and the confiscation of the cause of the dispute for the benefit of the hospital at Poitiers.

Sad Incident in a Churchyard.—The Paris correspondent of the *Echo* writes: "A sad incident took place in the churchyard of Grosbois, a village outside Paris. The body of a child was about to be lowered into the grave when the supposed corpse was heard to groan. The mother pounced on to the coffin and wrenched off the lid with a pair of scissors she had in her pocket. "*Mon Dieu!*" cried she, "my son lives—he's alive—he's saved!" And taking the poor little shrouded body in her arms she bathed it with her tears and kisses. But her joy was brief. The child made a movement, and uttering another feeble groan, threw back its head—and died. The mother gazed on the corpse with haggard eyes, then clasped it to her breast with despair, and for a few moments her whole body was convulsed. Suddenly she fell to the ground as if struck by lightning, and, when recovered from her swoon, she had become insane.

An Unlucky Purchase.—Several of the Paris journals express great sympathy with the misfortunes of a Frenchman, who, being in Dublin at the time of an execution for murder some three years ago, determined to possess himself of a piece of the rope used upon the "mournful occasion." He is said to have had an interview with the "celebrated Calcraft," and for the sum of five sovereigns to have purchased the whole rope, which he brought back to Paris in triumph believing himself to be henceforward protected from the shafts of fortune. Within a month, one of his children was nearly hanged with this rope by her brother, who was playing at "hangman," and though the father "cut her down" in time, she has never fully recovered from the shock. Some time afterwards, the owner of the rope went to Havre on business connected with his trade, and as he had a large sum of money in his possession, when he was returning to Paris, he placed it in a box, which he made secure with the "lucky rope." The box was stolen during the journey, and, though it was afterwards recovered at the Paris terminus with the cord around it, the money had been abstracted. It might have been thought that after two such disappointments the rope would have been got rid of as a talisman of evil, but that such was not the case is evident from the fact of its owner, who had experienced heavy losses in his business since the robbery, having attempted to commit suicide with it. Just as he had "cut down" his daughter, so his wife "cut down" him, and according to last accounts he is almost convalescent. When he is completely restored to health he will probably see the propriety of parting with such an unlucky purchase.

Something Rotten in the Paris Banking World.—There is evidently something rotten in the state of the banking world in Paris. The affair of the Territorial Bank of Spain continues shrouded in mystery, but it is generally believed that it will end in startling disclosures. Very grave reports are being circulated at the Bourse, but they require some confirmation before it would be either right or safe to mention them. *En attendant*, the attempted suicide of a small banker, named Coulmain, is announced. He was found weltering in his blood in a garden on the Boulevard Richard-Lenoir, with a revolver by his side. He had fired two shots into his body unsuccessfully. On being taken to the hospital, he confessed that money difficulties had led him to the act.

Australian Exploration.—Australian papers bring accounts from Freemantle of the safety of Major Warburton's exploring expedition. The party started some months ago to try and make its way from Central Australia to the settled districts of Western Australia, and, after encountering great hardships, they succeeded in their task. Fears were entertained that they had succumbed to the difficulties of the journey, and the Hon. T. Elder despatched a second expedition, under the command of Mr. John Ross, to try and discover them. It appears that Major Warburton and party had reached a place 150 miles from the De Grey River, having exhausted their provisions, and having eaten all their camels but three. In the journey from South Australia to West Australia they travelled over 900 miles of country never before explored. The expedition was expected to reach Adelaide shortly.

A Curious Emigrant.—The *Kansas City* (Missouri) *Times* makes the following statement: "The Court of Law and Equity was the scene of a rather extraordinary matrimonial transaction. A man, evidently past his fiftieth year, called upon the clerk of the court for assistance in marrying a wife. Mr. Noland, who is considered an adept in matrimonial transactions, undertook the job, which was rather more difficult and complicated than he at first anticipated. It was a marriage between two persons separated by 6000 miles of land and water. The man informed the clerk of the court that he wanted to get married to a woman now living in Holland; that he would perform such ceremonies as were necessary here, and she would be married to her brother in Holland as a proxy for him. Then the brother was to ship him his wife, with her baggage, direct to Kansas City. It appears that the lady has an objection to leaving her home in Holland before she had been married in some manner; and as the bridegroom cannot afford to leave his business here to go after his wife, he decided to apply to the courts for act of procuration. Mr. Noland, as soon as he understood the case, proceeded to prepare the necessary papers, and the old man went away delighted."

A Zebra in Harness.—*Galignani* says: It had hitherto been thought impossible to domesticate the zebra, and train it to render any service as a beast of draught or burden. For some time past the Paris Jardin d'Acclimatisation has had a carriage drawn by those animals, and although their action in harness was somewhat unsteady, they showed exemplary docility. A further progress has now been made, and one may be seen carrying children on its back round the gardens. The victory over a nature believed to be indomitable was, however, only obtained after the most patient efforts, and two years' instruction was necessary to arrive at the desired result.

A Talk with Labourer John on Benefit Societies.—A farmer (says the *Times* correspondent, who is describing the lock-out of farm labourers) called one of his men from the field, and this conversation followed: "How old are you, John?" "Sixty-one next birthday, master."—"How many children have you had?" "Twelve—nine living."—"You have always kept them without help from the parish?" "Yes, thank God; I never had a penny from the parish in my life." The man, as I afterwards found, had received a small money prize from the village agricultural society for bringing up a large family without parochial relief, and he was now earning the usual 13s. a week. "How long did you subscribe to that benefit club of yours, John?" "Nigh upon five-and-thirty years."—"It's gone now, has it not?" "Ah, yes! That was a bitter bad job, surely!" This poor man—happily still hale and strong—had paid into the club 1s. 6d. a month out of his hard earnings—by what extraordinary thrift and self-denial one may easily imagine with his large family—and now all was lost. But for the sentiment of the thing he might as well have been idle and improvident; and if the children for whom he had worked so hard could not support him his only prospect in old age was the workhouse. The club had "broke up," and he tried to tell us how and why. The story need not be repeated; but that, said my companion, "is the history of three-fourths of the benefit clubs about here."

Mrs. Stowe's Black Oranges.—Mrs. H. B. Stowe has an orange orchard in Florida, of which she is very proud, but unfortunately the majority of the oranges on her trees have turned black. She claims that she has discovered the cause, it being a lack of sufficient lime on the soil; but old Floridians with Southern proclivities who have known the grove for years say there were no black oranges there previous to her purchase of the place, and claim that Providence has awarded her love for the black by endowing her oranges with the favourite colour. They are certainly very much off colour, and although that does not detract from the flavour of them, yet it detracts very much from their market value. Mr. Reed's fruit in an adjoining orchard, not 20 feet from hers, are all of beautiful orange colour.—*American Paper.*

Dull Times in Bombay.—A resident says: Matters social are dull enough here just now. M. Blondin leaves us by this mail, and M. and Mdme. Berger de Place, who have been treating us to French Comic Opera, will follow his example. It is not to be wondered at that there have been three suicides among the European community during the last ten days. In Bombay when we are dull we are dull indeed. We have a theatre, but it is closed five nights out of six; we have concerts, but the singers are all amateurs, and not even the superb playing of Master Percy Mull—a boy of thirteen, who can tackle Bach's music like a born master —on the Sassoon organ can make them brilliant; we have a sea, but no one ever bathes in it; we have streets, but none but natives walk in them. All which, however, does not prevent our city being the finest in India, and our social pride equal to that of any other society in the world.

French Breach of Promise Case.—Breach of promise actions are rare in France. The law does not admit compensation for injured feelings, and to sustain a suit of this kind it is always necessary to prove special damages. An attempt to do this has just been made before the civil tribunal of the Seine by a lady calling herself Mdlle. Decaisne. She sued a gentleman with the curious name of Mariage, and laid her damages at 10,000f., because on the faith of the engagement she had given up a place of companion to a person of rank, and had bought a trousseau. The defence was that M. Mariage, aged 45, had not sought either fortune or beauty, but he desired youth, and the plaintiff had deceived him about her age. She at first represented herself to be 23, but afterwards owned to 26. Though disappointed, he had made up his mind to put up with this difference; but he had found out by the register that she was in reality 32, and that was a figure he could not accept. Amid shouts of laughter, caused by a humorous speech of M. Gatineau for the recalcitrant Mariage, the Court pronounced a verdict for the defendant.

The Tyranny by Brigands.—The tyranny still exercised by brigands in Italy is illustrated by the following incident reported from the province of Terracina: Baron Porcari was travelling in this region, when he was seized by five brigands, dressed in the traditional costume of banditti, armed to the teeth and wearing masks. By these he was gagged, blindfolded, placed on horseback, and taken to a country house, where he was to remain a prisoner till he paid 5000 ounces, about 68,000 francs. The Baron, declining to pay this sum, his captors resumed their journey with him, and stopped this time at the mouth of a cavern, into which he was thrust, and the same ransom again demanded, with the remark that if he did not pay it he would simply be left there to die of hunger. The victim therefore hesitated no longer, but signed a cheque on his bankers, with which the banditti retired, promising to return and release the prisoner when the money was paid. Baron Porcari then contrived to escape, and to make his way home. He sent, on his return, to his banker at Naples to know whether the cheque had been cashed. The banker replied in the negative, adding that the bearer would be arrested as soon as he appeared, but the baron instantly telegraphed that his cheque must be honoured, and no questions asked, well knowing that if he allowed the banker to act as he proposed his own life would sooner or later be forfeited to the vengeance of the banditti.

The Crown Prince of Denmark's Generosity.—His Royal Highness, during one of his walks, met a man wretchedly clad, looking ill and poverty-stricken, but in whom the Crown Prince recognised a former subaltern in the Guards. The Prince stopped and inquired of the poor fellow how it was that he had become so reduced, and hearing it was through illness, he at once gave him a not inconsiderable sum of money, told him to go to a tailor to get a new suit of clothes and send him the bill, which it need hardly be said the poor fellow did with a grateful heart. This is one of the many instances of the extreme kindness of heart of our Crown Prince Frederick which one hears everywhere, and of the noble use he makes of his large fortune, inherited by his marriage with the Princess Louise of Sweden, whose mother, a Dutch Princess, was excessively rich.

Paris Washerwomen.—Every year, on the Thursday of Mid-Lent, the washerwomen elect a queen, an honour as onerous as it is ephemeral. On this day hundreds of cabs take all the washerwomen of the villages round to Paris, dressed in fancy dresses as marchionesses and waiting-maids. A legion of water-carriers, somewhat excited with wine, and bedizened with rosettes of many-coloured ribbons, are their devoted attendants; and in the evening, the washing-boats on the Seine are transformed into ballrooms. On the Friday morning, they quietly take up their iron again. They are divided into two separate bodies—the washers and the ironers; the work of the former is much the harder; they receive about two shillings from the mistress, who employs them for a day of fourteen hours, allowing an hour and a half for meals, and a glass of brandy is given to them every morning. Those who iron are more skilful; they have to submit to a long apprenticeship, as it requires at least two years' learning to satisfy the requirements of the Parisian ladies. One particularity of this trade is, that the workers never attach themselves to one mistress. There are a certain number of places in Paris where they go every morning, and the mistresses hire them for the day.

A Tragedy Growing Out of a Ballet.—A few months ago a youth belonging to one of the noblest families of Florence, the Marchese Cosimo Ridolfi, attended the first performance of a ballet at the Pergola Theatre. Opinions as to the merits of the piece were at variance, and while Ridolfi, with a party in his box, was hissing, another party in an adjoining box, conspicuous among whom was a young man named Ludovico Falevolti, expressed their approbation of the doings on the stage by loud applause. Angry looks and cross words were exchanged by the hostile factions, craning over the parapet of their boxes. A blow was struck in the corridor as the crowd was leaving the house at the close of the performance, and, as it happened, it fell on an inoffensive person belonging to neither party, and a perfect stranger to the quarrel. The quarrel was, however, followed up by Falevolti and Ridolfi; a meeting between them was arranged at a friend's villa at Antella; the weapon chosen was a broad sword, with leave given to the combatants to cut and thrust, and after a few passes Falevolti fell pierced to the heart by his adversary's weapon. Months later Ridolfi was brought into court at the Florence Assizes, when the jury, led by counsel, came to the conclusion that Falevolti had in his headlong onset inadvertently rushed on the point of Ridolfi's sword, acquitted Adolfi of all intent to murder, and the Court sentenced him "to be banished for three months to some place, at six miles' distance from his ordinary residence."

A Waterloo Veteran in the Workhouse.—One of the few remaining Waterloo veterans—Thomas Beckford—is now an inmate of the Easthampstead Union Workhouse, situated near Bracknell, Berks. Although 90 years of age, he is comparatively hale and hearty, and his wife, who is also a pauper in the same establishment, has attained the age of 94. Through the kindness of the union authorities, the old couple are allowed an apartment to themselves. Beckford served for five years in the 54th Regiment of Foot, having previously belonged to the Royal Berks Regiment of Militia for several years. At the Battle of Waterloo he was slightly injured, but not disabled, and he was with the "Army of Occupation" at Paris. He returned safely to England, and three years afterwards purchased his discharge.

The Fastest Steamer in the World.—Such is the title claimed by her builders (Messrs. Thornycroft, Church Wharf, Chiswick) for a boat they have just built to the order of the Government of India, for service in the Orissa Canals. The dimensions of this extraordinary little vessel are—length, 87ft.; beam, 12ft.; draught of water, 3ft. 9in. The speed contracted for was 20 statute miles per hour. The hull, the working parts of the engines, and the propellor (Thornycroft's Patent) are of Bessemer steel, and the woodwork of teak. The official trial of the boat was made on the 14th March, under the inspection of Colonel Haig, R.E., Chief Engineer of the Bengal Irrigation Works, and the results were—with tide, 25·08 miles per hour; against tide, 24·15 miles per hour; giving a mean speed of 24·61 miles per hour. In another official trial it was shown that the boat could keep up a speed of 22 miles per hour without losing steam. These speeds are extraordinary enough in themselves, but when it is considered that they are attained by a boat only 87ft. long they become absolutely wonderful, and far beyond anything ever before accomplished. The value of swift steam launches as torpedo boats is acknowledged, and already various foreign Governments have ordered boats from Messrs. Thornycroft's yard. If torpedo launches can be built to steam at the rate of 16 or 18 miles an hour in a moderately calm sea, the whole face of naval warfare may find itself changed in a very unexpected way.

Awkward Situation.—While playing the *Dutchman in England*, at the Masonic Temple in Brooklyn, the other night, a bottle of "Bengal fire," which was being used for scenic effect, ignited by being held too near the flame, and exploded, the neck striking Mr. Wyrrich, who was personating the "Dead Dutchman." The latter, who was comfortably laid out, imagining he had been shot, sprang to his feet in a very lively way, and commenced bawling out in a most ridiculous manner for a dead man. The audience were very much excited, but gradually the facts become known, and Wyrrich again laid himself down like a respectable corpse, while the spectators tittered.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Adelina Patti at Pesth.—A correspondent, writing from Pesth, states that the recent visit of Madame Adelina Patti to that city was the occasion of considerable excitement when it was known that she would sing at two concerts in the Salle de la Redoute. Every seat there was instantly secured, and the sale of tickets realised the large sum of £2200. So eager were the public to hear or see the celebrated *prima donna* that they broke open the doors and windows of the Salle, until at last the police were compelled to interfere. Madame Patti has now returned to Vienna, where she is announced to sing in *Ernani* an opera which has not been given in the Austrian capital for thirty years.

THE TREASURE HUNTERS;

OR,

The Search for the Mountain Mine.

By GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.

CHAPTER I.

AMONGST STRANGERS.

"They're a yaller-looking lot, yer honour, anyhow, them chaps hanging about the wharf. It must be the sun, an' them out in it all day. Dries 'em up like a stalk of whate; an', murther, it *is* hot!"

"Do you think we've got all the traps, Larry?"

"Ivery one of 'em, sor, for I counted 'em up twiced; and they're all locked up in the landlord's store, an' here's the kay. Bud he's a dirty-lookin' spalpeen, that same landlord, sor, an' I wouldn't stay in his place longer an' I could help."

"I won't stay in the city any longer than I can help, Larry, for I'm about sick of this do-nothing but get over miles of water. Only let me get the business settled, and we'll soon be off and get to work."

The speakers were Larry Carey, a quaint-looking Irishman, with screwed-up face that might have belonged to a man of any age between twenty-five and fifty; and Frank Adams, Englishman, a broad-shouldered Saxon fellow, six feet high, strong as a giant, and, in spite of the heat, dressed in velveteen jacket, cord breeches, and leather leggings; while his head was crowned by a natty brown wideawake. "Yeoman farmer," you said to yourself the moment you saw him; and, directly after, "What does he do out of the shires, standing here in the hot sun, and looking over the waters of the wide Pacific?"

"You're right, masther dear; though it's an illigant place, an' ye might spind money here as aisy as pour out wather. Bud they're such a mixed-up lot. There's plenty ov respectable gintlemen; but as for some ov them as stands about wid the inds of their throusis tucked into their boots, an' a bit ov a billygoat's beard at the ind of their chin—good mornin' to ye, by the same token, an' ye may have the whole of the sidewalk to yerselves."

"Good and bad everywhere, Larry," said Adams, thoughtfully; for he was gazing across the beautiful bay at the bright blue waters, dotted with boats, and thinking it was wondrous fair.

"Thin, save us! there's them yaller-lookin' Chinees, wid their pigtails, and their squinny eyes put in crooked, and looking for all the world as if they were descinded from the bastes of the field. Why, yer honour, we had a breed of pigs in our place at Ballyslanner, wid such a Christian kind o' countenances ov their own, that they might have been first cousins by their mother's side, pig tails an' all. I'd get out ov the place though, masther dear, for the manners ov some ov the natives isn't illigant at all."

"What makes you say that?" said Adams, turning round sharply.

"Oh, nothing much, masther dear; only when you left us to go on to the lodging place, the Chishapake Hotel theer, while you went back to the staymer, two or three dirty lookin' rapparees with great wide flapping hats, and long hair, comes pushin' by me, and wan of thim sez somethin' to the misthress, and the others ups and spakes to Miss Mary; and they was that freckened that they shrank back to me, an' I thought there was going to be a bit of a wig dustin', for I showed 'em that same piece of timber; and I sez, sez I, 'that's head-ache wood,' I sez—'sapling,' I sez; 'and it grows on blackthorn bushes in the County Cork,' I sez; and they looked at it, curus like, and then they looked at me, and wan of 'em spit about seven times; and by then we'd reached the hotel, and the ladies wint in; and that's all.

"Thank you: you're a good fellow, Larry," said Adams, warmly; "and you're right—we won't stay long."

"I wouldn't be in too much of a hurry if I was you, stranger," said a voice, toned with rather a drawl; and Frank Adams turned sharply round to confront a man of nearly his own height, as strongly built, but less exuberant of muscle; a firm, quiet-looking face he had; one that betrayed nothing, but there was a frank glance in his clear grey eyes; and, if he were a friend, a general altogether, as the French call it, of being a good fellow to make an ally in a time of trouble. "I wouldn't be in too much of a hurry if I was you, stranger," he said; and he rolled a cigar a little farther into one corner of his mouth, where, being nearly smoked out, it began to singe the thick close beard with which his face was half covered.

"Perhaps not," said Adams, gruffly; "but then you see I know my own affairs best."

"Now, that's where you're mistaken, stranger: you don't. And that's how it is you Britishers come to grief. You come over to this new country, thinking you know everything and a bit more; bring your own old ideas; set to work on 'em without taking a bit of advice; go wrong in six months; and then swear that the United States is one big windbag, and not worth a red cent."

"Well," said Adams, more gruffly still, "we do mind our own business."

"And set your backs up as soon as a stranger speaks to you."

"Yes," said Adams, "if he is impertinent and prying."

"Jist one word, yer honour," whispered Larry, "an' I'll rowl him over like a rabbit."

"Prying?" said the other in the same dry way, and apparently determined not to be offended; "I'm not prying. There, come along, Britisher, here's a bar close by; smooth down your feathers, and come and have a drink."

"Thank you," said Adams, "I don't drink in the middle of the day, nor yet with men I don't know."

"Good for your health, and bad for your manners. But don't be pesky. Here, try a cigar."

Adams felt the hot blood rising in his cheeks, and was disposed to be angry; but the new comer was so calm and imperturable, as he held out a handful of good Havanas, that, in spite of himself, the young Englishman took one, and also accepted a light.

"That's better," said the other; "that is the best quality in nico*tine*—it makes men friends. Fine place this, ain't it?"

"I shall be very glad to get away," said Adams, narrowly inspecting his companion.

"So shall I," said the other; "but I don't mean to be in a hurry; and don't you. Ah, you're taking stock of me, are you? You're wondering whether I'm real grit, or a loafer. I know all about you."

"Indeed!" said Adams, colouring in spite of himself, for the other had thoroughly divined his thoughts.

"Yes, stranger; you came ashore from the Eagle this morning. You're a British farmer, you are, as failed at home, and have come out here to make a pile. You've brought tools, and seeds, and that Irishman; and you're going to take up land, and farm. That's what your going to do."

"Humph!" ejaculated the young man; "perhaps then you can tell me my name?"

"To be sure I can—it's Frank Adams!"

The owner of the name started, and seemed half inclined to throw away the cigar, and with it the companionship of this stranger.

"Don't be riled," said the other coolly. "My name's Dawson — Caleb Dawson, State of Virginia."

"Well, then, Mr. Dawson, I must be going; so good day."

"All right, Adams, I'll walk with you. I'm going your way."

The Englishman stopped short, and faced round angrily; but the other was so calm and cool, that instead of speaking he burst out laughing.

"That's right," said the other, "no call to be riled. It's only my way. I like to see you Britishers laugh, though; you do it as if you meant it. We can't laugh like that over here."

"Too smart, I suppose?" said Adams.

"Well, I don't know," said the other. "I think it's because we've been too busy—haven't had time. We had our country to make, and our institutions. We've had a hard job, sir, and we had to take off our coats. You come in for all yours ready made."

"Now, look here," said Adams, stopping short after they had gone a few yards, "I'm a stranger here, and you know it. I don't want to quarrel to hurt you, or for you to hurt me; so out with it at once. What have you fixed yourself on me for?"

"New comer—green from the old country—going to fleece you of all your dollars, squeeze you like an orange, and then go and look out for another."

"Then by the powers ——," burst in Larry.

"Be quiet!" said Adams, firmly. Then turning to the American—"I thought as much; but you've mistaken your man. I'm well armed: I have my wits about me; and ——"

"Exactly!" said the other, laughing, and showing a good set of teeth; "but that's not my game; that's what you thought I meant; and if you haven't cut your eye teeth that's how you will be served. But come along, Adams; I'm up at your hotel. I saw you this morning, and liked the look of you. Thought I'd give you a word of warning; for, look here, mate, it would be a cruel thing to take those two sweet women right away into the country without being prepared to ——"

Adams stopped short again at the mention of the women.

"I don't make you out," he said aloud; "you're either playing a deep game, or, for some reason of your own, you want to be very friendly."

"Why, man, what a fuss you Britishers do make about things; you think that out here you're going to get letters of introduction, and the character of every man vouched for before you speak to him. We haven't time for it. I told you I saw you and liked your looks. Sorry you don't like mine. Never mind, here we are, and the dinner-bell's going, so look alive or the board will be cleared."

CHAPTER II.

LARRY'S "SAYCRESY."

That same afternoon, while Larry Carey was sitting outside the hotel in the sun, carving his name with a new knife upon the thin end of his blackthorn twig, who should come up and seat himself close by but the American who had introduced himself as Caleb Dawson.

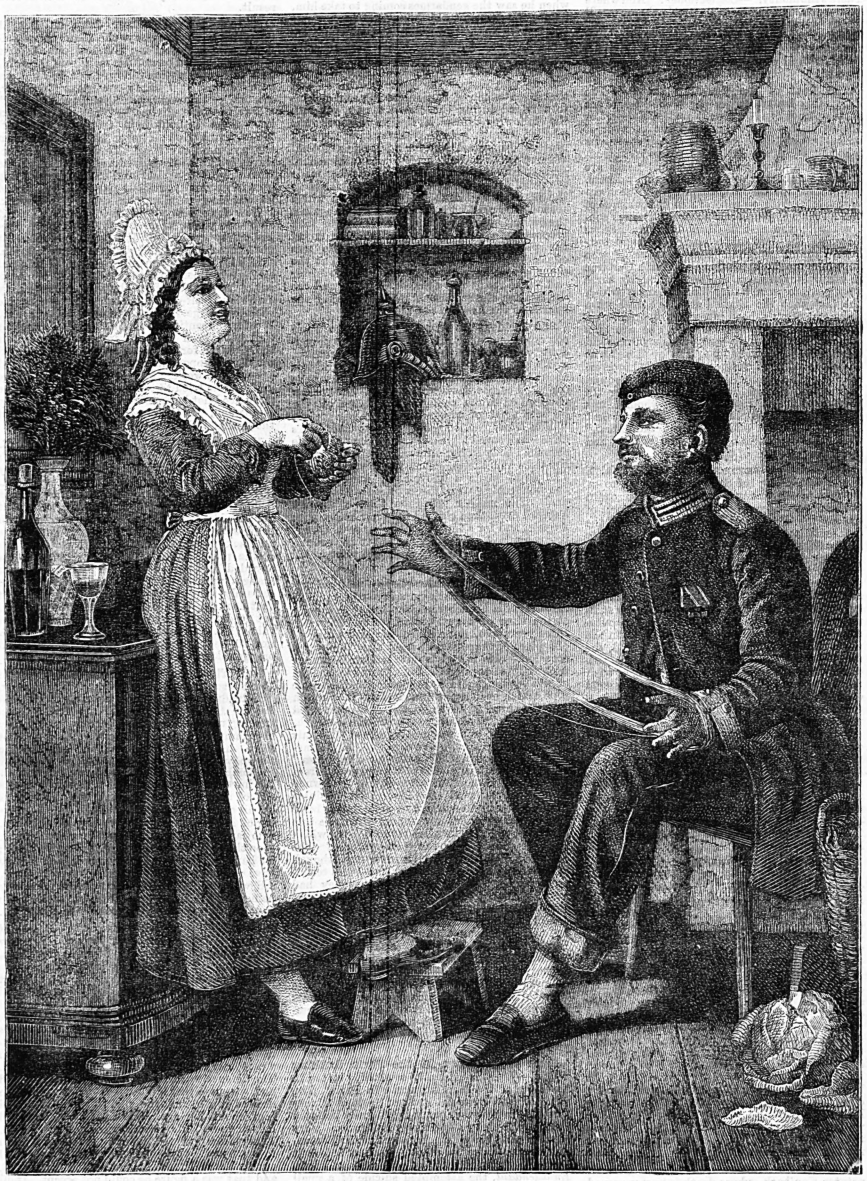
"Well, Pat," he said, "and what do you think of the country?"

"The counthry's well enough, sor, for them as likes it," he said drily.

"Ah! it's a noble land," said Dawson, smoking slowly, and sending up soft wreaths of vapour in the sunshine. "Many an Irishman has made his fortune here."

"It's a habit me countrymen 'ave got, sir, all the world over."

"And you must do the same, Pat," said Dawson.



BEHIND THE SCENES IN WAR TIME.

"Plase the pigs, and it's meself that will do that same."

"To be sure you will," said Dawson, "and your master too."

"Now, look here, Misther Yankee Doodle," said Larry, laying his stick across his knees, and resting his hands upon the ends, "do I look like a pump at all?"

"Like a what"

"Like a pump, I said, as plain as I could spake. Because if ye want to know anything at all about the masther, ye'd better go and ask him himself; for I'm as dhry as a bone, and you won't pump me."

"Dry are you, Pat?" said Dawson laughing; "then we'll make you wet. Here, waiter!" he shouted.

"I'd rather be dhry, thank you kindly," said Larry rising; "and good day to you."

"Get out," said Dawson; "call yourself a real Irishman, and won't take a glass of whiskey with a friend. One that your master drunk with only an hour ago."

"An' did the masther drink wid you then?" said Larry hesitating.

"To be sure he did."

"Did your honour say whiskey?"

"To be sure."

"Rale whiskey?"

"As good a drop as ever was taken from a still."

"Well," said Larry, reseating himself, "there can't be any harm in that, so long as its rale;" and the whiskey being brought, Larry took a couple of glasses with a hearty smack of enjoyment.

"He wants to pump me," he said to himself; "but niver a word he'll draw from me."

Dawson did not try; he only sat chatting pleasantly, and at last adroitly turned the conversation to the Carey family, dwelling most upon the representative before him.

That was sufficient. Larry's tongue began to run, and before long Dawson sat smoking silently as the Irishman sat gesticulating with his blackthorn, and talking as hard as he could.

"You've been in England, of course?" said Dawson. "Try another glass, Pat. It's good whiskey."

"Thrue for you, sir, it is," said Larry. "It was a great blessin' to posterity that the man who found it out did'nt go and die and take the saycret with him. But it's a bad habit taking much. Jist one more glass, an' then it may be the very best that ever chatid a guager, and niver a drop should pass my lips. But, by the same token, you were saying had I been in England. Why, ov course I have, or how could I have met the masther?"

"He might have come over to Ireland."

"Bud he knew betther," said Larry, laying a finger on one side of his nose. "Ireland, sor, now-a-day isn't what Ireland used to be, and it'll take a long time mending; but I'll tell you how it was.

"Well you see, Misther Dawson, sir, it was jist this: I knew the masther over in England where I went across to wan year a harvestin', and worked for him all through. And before it was quite over—Oh, wirra! the grate big pain I had in all my bones, and the shivers that came on me and the hot aches! And they got worse, an' worse, till at last wan mornin' I lays me down on some sthraw in the big barn, and I sez to meself, I sez, 'Larry Carey,' I sez, 'it's a grate fayver ye've got intirely, and ye're going dead as a herrin' ye are, and ye'll niver see ould Ireland again. Where would ye like to be berrid?'

"Yer honour, Misther Dawson, sir; if I'd been a wild rattlesnake of the plains out here, wid a sting in my tail, they couldn't ha behaved worse to me than they did; first one dirty spalpeen, and then another, comin' and lookin' at me, and then goin' away spittin' as if I was poison. For I was only a poor rayper, all in rags, come over for the sayson, and the farm people didn't like us at all, at all."

"Well, yer honour, the masther come to know of it, and he come out in the barn, and he sez, sez he, 'Larry, me lad,' he sez, 'are ye as bad as that?'"

"'Throth, yer honour,' I sez, 'and I'm worse,' I sez, 'and I fale very infectious' I sez. And then I heered wan o' the men say somethin' to him about sendin' of me off to the union.

"'Iv they'd let me die where I am I'd thank 'em', I sez to meself; and then I lay with me head all burnin' red hot, and meself thinkin' I was back in Cork boiling the praties; when the masther comes in, and the misthress, and Miss Mary wid him, an', instid of packing me off like a dog, I heered the masther say, 'Poor fellow; he's worked well, and we must do the best we can for him.'

"An' they did, yer honour, nursed me, they did, through it all, and had the docther to me, as shook his fist in ould Death's face, he did, and wouldn't let him have me; and didn't I get better, and stronger then iver; for wouldn't it have been a dirthy action not to when the misthress and Miss Mary was that kind to me, an' fed me up so that nothing ever was like it?'

"Last of all, while I was hanging about the farm doing of odd jobs, I gets to know that the masther was in throuble over some dirthy money business, and the farm was to be sold; and murther! to see how the poor boy was down, and the pretty little misthress an' his sister lookin' pale as milk.

"I meets him one day in the yard, an' he sez, pleasant like, 'Why, Larry,' he sez, 'you here still?'

"'An' where would I be,' sez I, 'at all, wid the docther's bill not paid?'

"'Back in Ireland,' he sez.

"'Bother Ireland intirely,' I sez, 'unless yer honour will take a nate bog farm somewhere, an' I'll go back wid you.'

"'He stopped and looked at me in a thoughtful way, and he claps me on the shoulder; and he sez in a way as made the water come in my eyes, 'Larry,' he sez, 'you're a good fellow; but you must go. I'm master here no longer. I've been cheated, and imposed upon, and robbed.'

"An' is it chated?" I sez, taking a tighter grip on the fork I had in my fist. "Will yer honour tell me the name of the chate? Is it one ov them lawyer villins?'

"He laughed and shook his head, and he says, 'Larry,' he says, 'I've no work for you, and can't pay you, so you must go. As for me,' he says, 'I'm going across the say to Americky, where there's deep rich land, different to this cold clay, and a man may get a reward for his labour.' Larry,' he says 'I'm going to California.'

"'Hurroo!' I sez, 'where the goold grows?'

"'Gold?' he says, 'yes, Larry; the rich, ripe, yellow gold, grown by man—corn, me man—corn, waving corn, growing in soil that will repay you bounteously for your toil.'

"'Hurroo!' I sez again, 'I'll buy a new rayping hook this very day.'

"'What d'ye mane?' sez he.'

"'Mane,' sez I, 'masther dear; why that I'll go wid you and the ladies to the very ind of the world, as close as you can widout falling off.'

"'Nonsense, man,' he says laughing, but there was a tear in each of his eyes. 'I'm as poor as you are now, Larry, and can only scrape enough for our passages, and a start.'

"'Poor?' sez I, 'an' who do you call poor? I'm as well off as any gintleman, among ye. Haven't I got tin 'pun tin, harvest money, widout counting the fourpenny bits. An' who's to pervent me going if I like?'

"'Nonsense, my man,' he says, 'you must'nt think of it.'

"'But I do think of it, yer honour,' I sez; 'who'll ye get to rape your corn when it grows? Do ye think there'll be plenty of boys from the ould country comin' an askin' for a job. Wanst for all, yer honour,' I sez, 'I shall go wid you; and if I don't I shall follow you; and, to make a long story short, I talked to the misthress, and Miss Mary, God bless her! and we was too much for the masther, and he consinted, and we come—come across this say, and that say, and tother say, and here I am, Larry Carey, at your service.'"

"Why, what a tarnation fool you must have been, Paddy!" said Dawson, drawling his words. "But have another drink, man; I like such fools as you. Shake hands."

The Irishman stood up and slapped his hand heartily into that of the American, the two joining in a firm grip.

"And now I must be off, Pat, so good-bye, my lad; but we will meet again."

"And if we do, your honour, will ye be kind enough to remimber that I'm one of the Careys of County Cork, an' my name's not Paddy but Larry."

"I will, Larry," said the other, and he strode away.

"There now," said Larry, scratching his head as soon as he was alone; "an' I've been an' told him all about it," when the masther said "be saycret." But never mind, he's the right sort; and it won't be any harm; but if he isn't, *whoo!*"

Paddy gave his stick a flourish in the air, and delivered a smart blow that would have had serious results if it had come in contact with an enemy's head. Then he walked off and entered the Chesapeake Hotel.

CHAPTER III.

IN DIFFICULTIES.

Such a change from life at the old farm in an English county, where all was regularity and quiet peace, to this in a San Francisco Hotel, new of the newest, with French customs and English language, and such an influx of migratory beings that the place was a scene of hurry and confusion from morning till night, and our English arrivals had hard matter to hold their own. They had, however, secured one room so as to ensure some privacy, and it was in this place that Frank Adams's wife and sister were seated looking out at the busy street scene.

"It does seem a long way to have come," said Mary, tossing back her thick brown hair and looking with her sun-tanned face and dark eyes such a model as an artist would have chosen for his painting of Juno, while her companion, her brother's wife, looked slight, pale, and careworn by her side. "It does seem a long way to have come; but never mind, Frank will make a home for us somewhere, and —— Why Annie you are crying."

"It's nothing," said Mrs. Adams, "only weakness—I've no business to cry; and I dare not when Frank is here for fear of making him low-spirited and——"

"Of course not, you silly little thing," said Mary Adams, smiling as she passed her arm round her sister, though a tear was in her eye. "It won't do, Annie; you and I must look strong, for that is all we can do."

"Yes," said Mrs. Adams, drying her eyes, "we must look strong; but oh, Mary, he ought never to have married me. I'm a weak foolish thing, and shall never be anything but a burden to him. It is partly through me that he has had to take this long journey, and I, in my weakness, shall be a clog to keep him back."

"He dosen't care for you a bit," said Mary Adams.

"Oh, Mary!" ejaculated the other; and her soft sweet little English face was raised pitifully as if in appeal.

"Anyone would think so to hear you talk," said Mary Adams drawing her sister to her breast, and kissing her white forehead. "Why, you little goose, you know he worships the very ground you walk on, and with you and your love to nerve his arm he will do wonders yet. But you must not let him see you fret."

"Oh, no," said Mrs. Adams drying her tears, and then forcing a smile as she stood up, looking quite a girl in appearance. He does not dream of it; and it is only for his sake that I do trouble."

"And you don't regret leaving England?" said Mary.

"Only for his sake," said Mrs. Adams.

"And he only regrets it for yours," said Mary; and a sad shade crossed her face, one which Mrs. Adams saw, and this acted better than any words, for there was a silent demand made upon her for sympathy, and this in her turn she began to administer

"There," she said, "my selfish fit is over, and I'm forgetting every one else. Do you feel to regret leaving home, Mary?"

There was a sad shake of the head.

"Not all?" Mrs. Adams said, with a meaning look.

There was silence for a moment or two, and then, with averted head Mary Adams spoke.

"Don't hint at that any more, dear," she said, and her voice had become hard and changed. "No, I have no regrets. I think I loved him very dearly; but a man who could forsake us when we became poor should have no further thought. No, my darling," she said, shaking off the sad fit, "I've had my love-dream, and I'm going to be your old-maid sister to the end of the chapter if you'll both have me, for I've come to a settled belief now."

"And what's that?" said Mrs. Adams, pleased at the bright look which had come over her sister's face.

"Why, that there are only two men in the world who are good for anything, and I can never have either."

"One's Frank," said Mrs. Adams, merrily.

"Of course," said Mary, laughing, "and, Annie," she added seriously, "he is as brave and true-hearted a man as ever stepped."

Mrs. Adams did not reply in words, only in looks, and they were looks of pride and happiness as she thought of the man to whom she had given her heart but a short two years since.

"You don't ask who the other is," said Mary, smiling.

"No; I don't know," said Mrs. Adams, smiling. "Oh, yes I do; you mean poor Larry. Well, you can't have him."

They sat on thoughtful and silent for awhile, till the old, sad feeling of strangeness began to creep back, and, dreading from her sister's looks, a repetition of the tears and their consequent effect upon the brother they were to comfort and sustain, Mary Adams jumped up.

"Come," she said, "put on your hat, and let us go and have a look through the place."

Mrs. Adams shook her head despondently.

"Frank might come back; and he would not like us to go alone."

Nonsense! I will take care of you, and Frank would like you to go if the walk is to do you good. Come, we will go; a look through the strange place will do us both good."

"We could make Larry follow us."

"To be sure," said Mary, "to act as body-guard with his stick."

"And we must not be long," said Mrs. Adams.

"No; half-an-hour or so. Just a ramble and back again," said Mary; and hats and scarves being mounted they made their way down into the hall in search of Larry.

But no Larry was to be found. In fact, just at that moment, Larry was a mile away, in hot controversy with a yellow-skinned Chinaman about the price charged for some washing, and, finding that there was no one to attend to their wants, Mary drew her sister's hand through her arm, and seeming not to notice the attention drawn to their bonny fresh English faces in the crowded place, walked straight out into the busy way, as if she were to the manner born, and took the direction of the harbour.

"We may meet Frank," she said; "perhaps he would go down to the shipping office."

"Did you notice that tall American who was leaning against the door, smoking?" said Mrs. Adams in an undertone.

"What, that rude fellow who would hardly move to let us pass till I spoke to him?" said Mary, calmly.

"Don't be unjust," said Mrs. Adams; "he quite leaped aside when you spoke, and raised his hat."

"I did not see it," said Mary, coldly. "I only thought it very barbarous and rude to stand blocking up the door in that manner. We are rustic enough at home, but these people, with all their advance are, in some things, horribly rude. But why do you lay such stress upon this meeting?"

"Because it is the same man that stared so hard at you yesterday," said Mrs. Adams.

"Nonsense!" said Mary, reddening slightly "but there, does not that prove what I say—that these people are very rude?"

"I've seen folk at home, who profess to be very polished, stare very hard sometimes at a pretty girl."

"Ah!" said Mary, laughing, "but then they had the excuse of the woman's beauty. There is no excuse for anybody who stares at me."

"Not the slightest," said Mrs. Adams, drily, as she directed a sidelong glance at the handsome composed face of Mary, who walked on with a free, elastic step, the observed of all the loiterers near.

They went on with something novel to take their attention at every step. The bright sky over head, the shining waters of the bay, and the irregularity of the terrace-built city, giving them, at almost every turn, a panorama of so varied and picturesque a character that more than once they paused in genuine admiration of the scene. The shops, too, with their rich contents, the brightly-painted saloons, the stately stores, and, mingled with these, the roughly-boarded huts and shanties run up according to their owners' means, all added to the quaintness and novelty of the scene, while on the busy side-walks hurried or loitered as mingled a populace as could be seen in any quarter of the world.

"Mary," said Mrs. Adams at last in a whisper, "had we not better turn back? I did not like to say anything, but——"

"But what?" said Mary, turning, for her sister had paused.

"That man!"

"What man?" said Mary.

"That man who was at the hotel door. He has been following us the whole time."

"You will believe now what I said about these people being rude," said Mary, whose face seemed flushed more than the walking would have warranted. "Don't turn round," she said, hastily; "do as I have done from starting—completely ignore his presence."

"Then you knew he was following us?"

"Yes. But, look here; this turning seems to lead in the direction we want to go. Walk steadily on, and trust to me."

"I wish we had not come," said Mrs. Adams, excitedly.

"You silly child!" said her sister, laughing. "What is there to mind, out here in the open day?"

"There are so many rough men about," said Mrs. Adams; "and we are so strange."

"Never mind, women have their wits, even if they are strange," said Mary; and they walked on, turning down a narrow, crooked way, to find themselves, before they were aware of it, in what might have been a street in Pekin from its inhabitants, many of whom came out to stare at the strangers, who, however, walked steadily on.

"Had we not better turn back?" said Mrs. Adams.

"The very worst thing we could do," was the reply. "I dare say we shall come into a better part directly."

For the next few minutes they forgot their dilemma in the curious aspect of the people and their houses; for they had wandered right into a part of the Chinese quarter of the city. As Mary said, there was nothing to alarm them, for the busy populace seemed simple and inoffensive to a degree; and after awhile Mrs. Adams felt disposed to laugh at her nervous trepidation.

The disposition to smile though passed off as they walked on, only to find that they had thoroughly lost their way, and had now penetrated into what appeared to be the lowest parts of the city. Drinking bars were at every few yards, thronged with a rough medley, composed of miners in red shirts and rough boots; and sailors of different nations—some were smoking and others drinking; gambling was going on in one place; in another there was evidently a fight, and, amidst the uproar, to make matters worse, just as they were hurrying by, there was a shot fired followed by a loud yell and a rush of feet.

Mary drew her sister's arm more tightly through her own, and glanced anxiously down at the pale, frightened face, in dread lest she should be overcome. In such a lawless place it would have been terrible, and she blamed herself again and again for having ventured out, while at the same time she whispered words of encouragement.

"What an awful place!" Mrs. Adams whispered.

"It's the American edition of Wapping," said Mary, encouragingly. "Don't you remember seeing something of it when we went down to the docks. Keep a good heart and walk on."

A good heart was needed, for Mary had awakened to the fact that their presence had been noticed by a group of half-a-dozen men loafing outside a bar on the other side, a couple of whom now crossed over, saying nothing, but effectually barring the way.

For a moment Mary thought of turning back in obedience to her sister's wishes, but feeling that this would be a declaration of weakness and timidity she walked boldly on, and the men, after exchanging glances, still blocking the way, while their companions came slouching up laughing, and turning one to the other, and effectually cutting off all retreat behind.

Some women would have looked despairingly round, and then fainted, or else shrieked for help. Mary Adams did neither; she was trembling in every limb, and she felt her heart beat painfully as she looked right ahead in the hope of seeing help in the shape of a policeman, or some one to whom she could appeal; but there was only a couple of women standing at a door across the narrow street, and from these she turned instinctively away to glance down at the soft sweet face at her side.

"Don't be afraid," she whispered, and, recovering herself for the task, she did not hesitate for a moment, but, on reaching the man who stopped the way on her side, she said quietly, and with a pleasant smile, "We are two English strangers, and have lost our way; will you kindly direct us to the Chesapeake Hotel?"

The man was taken aback, and stared at her. Then he stared at her companion, spat, and gave his clothes a hitch as if to settle himself before responding.

"Oh! you're tew English strangers, air you? Well, I was an English stranger once, but I'm an American now tew hum. How are yew, my dear?"

He held out a very dirty hand as he spoke, and in spite of herself Mary Adams shrank back, trembling at the ruffian's aspect.

"You're two English strangers are you?" said the other, who was evidently an American from somewhere down South.

"Yes. Will you show us the way?" said Mary, eagerly catching at straws.

"Then, all I've got to say is that English strangers is uncommon nice looking."

There was a hearty laugh at this rally, and Mary glanced from one to the other, seeking a face in which she could place faith, but only to read in every lined visage the worst passions—vice and villainy; they were the scum of many nations, attracted by the mining riches of the country, and come back from the mountains to scatter broadcast the gold they had found.

"Will you allow us to pass, if you please," she said now with some dignity, and again whispering encouragement to her sister, she stepped into the roadway, but only to find her passage stayed by an ill-looking scoundrel in a great slouched felt-hat, his trousers tucked inside his boots, and a belt round his waist, in which were stuck a revolver and a knife.

"Don't shove me, young woman," he said, roughly; "this here ain't the worn-out old country."

There was another shout of laughter at this, and the fellow went on:

"Look here, my dear, I don't bear no malice. We're all gentlemen here. Come and have a drink. Drink our health, and then you can go home."

"What shall we do, Mary?" whispered Mrs. Adams. "Oh, pray scream."

"Hush!" was the reply, as Mary seemed to gather courage from their desperate position; and she passed her arm round her sister, and faced the scoundrels.

"My sister here is delicate and suffering from the long voyage," she said, "and I ask you, as gentlemen, to let us go on. If one of you will kindly show us the way to the hotel, my brother will, I am sure, be most grateful to you."

"What d'ye say, lads, eh?" said one who had not spoken before; "let's 'scort the ladies home and make the brother stand drinks round."

"You hold your tongue," said the man whom Mary had first addressed; "it's all right; I'll show them the way. You come along 'o me, my dears, and never mind them. Here, stand aside!"

"They must come and have a drink first," said the great ruffian of the revolver.

"You go on; they're under my protection," said the other, and he gave his companions a significant look, which silenced them, while he turned to Mary. "Here, hook on, both of you, and I'll see you there all right."

Mary looked at him and could read villainy in his every feature; but there was no time for hesitation; the man might mean well, and it seemed their only chance. Let him lead them into a more frequented street, and she would appeal to the first gentleman they met—only let them get out of this dreadful place.

"My sister is weak and frightened," she said in response to his last remark. "We will walk by your side, please."

"Oh, just as you like," said the man, gruffly. "Well, come along, this way."

Mary hesitated for a moment and then walked on by the fellow's side. She glanced back once, for now she recalled the fact that some one from the hotel had followed them; but he was not in sight, and to her horror she saw that their guide's companions were following close behind. For a moment she thought of offering the fellows their watches and what money they had, but she refrained, and they went on, down first one and then two or three other turnings, each more repulsive than those they had quitted.

"He is cheating us," Mary whispered to herself, but she said nothing to her companion, only kept her eyes busily engaged watching for a means of escape.

"It's only a little way farther," said the fellow, and then he stopped short with an oath, for a tall swarthy man stopped right in front and addressed Mary.

"Do you know," he said, "where these men are taking you?"

"Here you, stand aside will you, or ——"

These words were accompanied by a menacing look and a touch of a revolver; but the new comer, whose presence had been welcomed by a faint cry of joy from Mrs. Adams, looked at Mary for an answer.

"They were to show us the way back to the hotel," she said, trembling now so that she could hardly utter a word.

"And they were taking you right away from it, into the worst slums of the whole city. You come with me."

As he spoke he drew Mrs. Adams's arm through his, and taking no further notice of the men by whom they were surrounded than if they had not been there, he said a few encouraging words to Mary, and took a step forward.

"Not yet," said the fellow who had led, savagely; and, giving a signal to his companions, he threw himself on the new comer.

It was seven to one; but the stranger did not flinch. His right arm was disengaged, and with one blow he sent the fellow staggering half across the road, where he suddenly collapsed and fell in a heap.

That gave him a moment's respite, and in that brief moment he had swung the sisters into a doorway, where he stood at bay and set at liberty a knife and revolver with which he was armed.

The next minute *crack, crack, crack*, shot after shot was fired, and two men fell, while the new comer felt a stinging, hot pain run along the wrist of the hand which held his pistol, forcing him to drop it, as with a yell his enemies closed with him, trying hard to force him down, as savage with pain and desperate with the death that threatened him, he got the foremost by the throat. In the struggle that ensued numbers proved to the stronger side of but little avail, for they could not fire or strike for fear of injuring their companions.

Their opportunity came though at last; for after a desperate fight the fellow engaged with the new comer fell heavily, dragging his adversary with him, and with a savage growl, more like that of a pack of wolves leaping on their prey than the utterance of men, the rowdies dashed at the prostrate man. A bowie knife was lifted for a deadly stroke, and the gallant young American's fate would have been sealed, had not a man sprung forward, and, with all the nervous force of a muscular arm, delivering a blow right from the shoulder, sent the knife-armed ruffian headlong to the ground, where he lay groaning with a broken jaw.

This diversion enabled the American to rise, when the fight began more fiercely than ever; pistols were cast aside, and the two men were hemmed in by a ring of ruffians thirsting for their blood, only waiting for the slightest show of indecision for a spring upon their prey.

It was a desperate position for the two strangers who had at the same moment recognised each other, and in spite of their peril each had had time to admire the brute courage the other displayed.

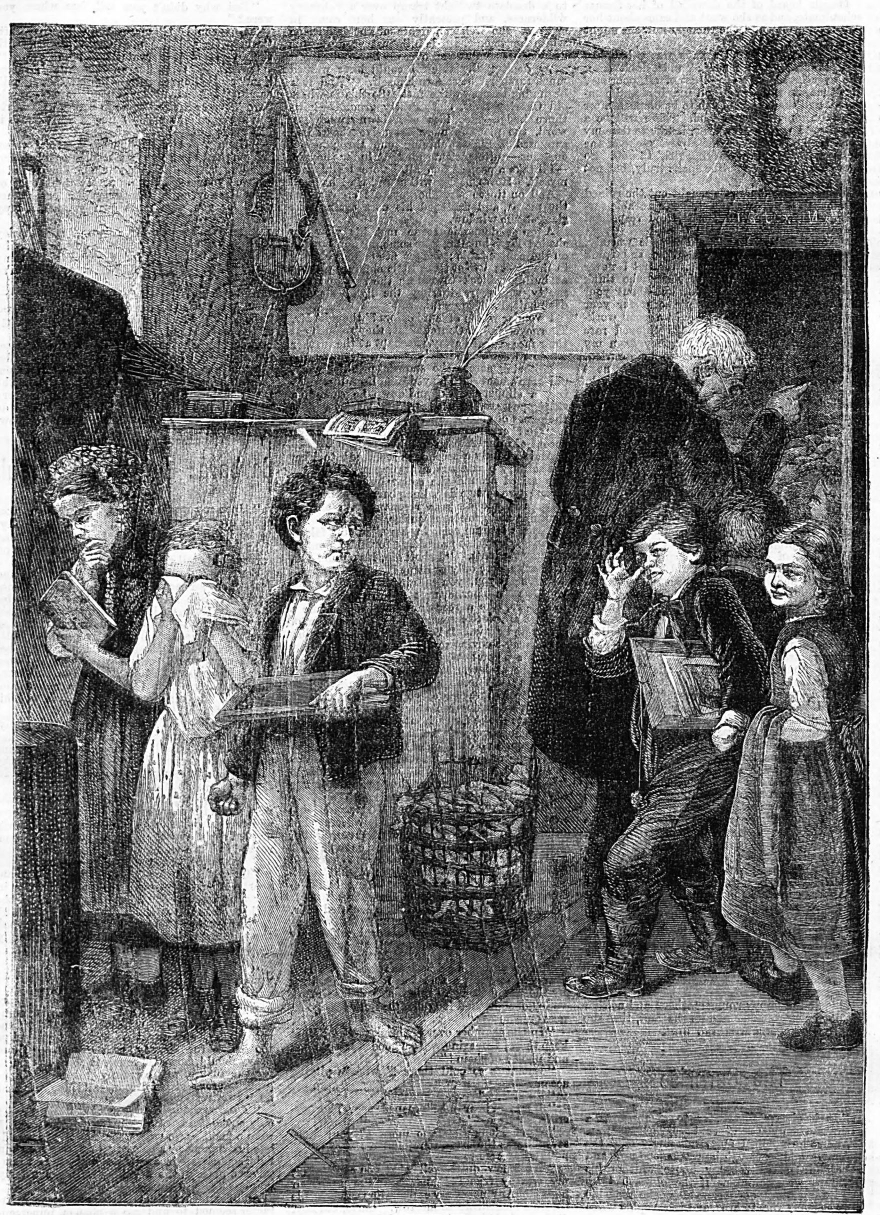
"Will you have the knife?" said Dawson, for it was he; and he spoke without taking his eyes from the men who faced him.

"Not while I've two fists," said Frank Adams. "Take that, you bloodthirsty dog! HA!"

As he spoke, one of the scoundrels struck at him with his knife, but was met by such a blow between the eyes that he dropped at once; but the effort threw Adams off his guard, and before he could recover himself another had sprung upon him; there was a sensation as of hot lead searing his shoulder; and as he uttered one sharp ejaculation he closed with his adversary, who was reinforced by a couple more.

Frank Adams was a man of tremendous strength, but he was far overmatched. He glanced to the right to see the American hard pressed. There was no help there; and for a moment despairing thoughts flashed through his brain. His wife left unprotected in this wild city—himself killed in a street fight—misfortune pursuing him to the end. He was beaten; but Englishmen never know it. He had come to the rescue of a man in a sore strait, and the bull-dog in him made him fight to the end—an end which seemed to have come; for all at once, just as he had nearly struggled free, two fresh hands grasped him by the throat; a mist swam before his eyes; strange sounds rung in his ears, and all seemed to be a perfect blank.

(To be continued.)



KEPT IN.

Louis-Philippe.—It may not be generally known that Louis-Philippe, king of the French, was in his early life constituted a burgess of one of the towns in Scotland. Such seems to have been the case, if there be any truth in the following, which appears in a Perth newspaper: "When the Earl of Kinnoul was, last summer, in Paris, one day, when dining at the Tuileries, his Majesty referred to Perth and its scenery, as well as that of the neighbourhood; and added that he felt particularly interested in all which related to it, being himself a citizen of the place. Upon his lordship expressing surprise at the announcement, his Majesty added: "Yes; and the freedom was conferred upon me at Dupplin Castle, when a guest of your late father." Louis-Philippe then detailed the whole scene—the arrival of the lord provost, with the burgess ticket and the council's address; and the speeches which followed on both sides—and added that such honours were at that time (about the beginning of the century) not so numerous with him, and the occasion had made no slight impression on his memory, as was evinced in the circumstantiality with which the whole was detailed."

The Gullibility of the Gaul.—There is a sure way (says a Paris correspondent) of getting at the old stocking of the Gaul. Give yourself great airs, a high-sounding title, make a bold dash, and the chances are that you make dupes by the dozen. Such a chevalier was "Prince Markariantz," who recently passed himself off as an American potentate, protected by Nubar Pacha. All Paris was at his feet, and jewellers forced their diamonds on him. After a long run the sham exploded, the Prince was sent to prison, and the dupes cut a very sorry figure. The "Countess de la Torre" (no relative of Marshal Serrano), was recently sentenced to imprisonment for similar acts, but on a smaller scale. There was the case of Hugelmann, who swindled the Right and Left Centre on the strength of having been in the private Cabinet of M. Thiers. Now M. Clement Duvernois is in prison, and will in all probability be tried for living on the money of other people. If you start a company, you must make a great noise in the papers, and must, above all, have splendid offices, thickly carpeted, and servants rich with livery. M. Clement Duvernois, as having been a Minister for a few weeks, imposed on the public, and the offices of his bank were sumptuously furnished, &c. I might quote many other instances to show the gullibility of the French where foreign Princes and such like birds of prey are conceived. One pretender certainly broke down—the Prince Scanderberg, Sovereign of Albania, who came here with a Captain of the Guard, and a native retinue. Unfortunately for himself, this "fierce Albanian," kirtled to the knee, mismanaged the press business, and was exposed in the *Figaro* as a base impostor. The Armenian was crafty, and paid handsomely for being puffed in leading articles, *on dits*, &c.

Only a Factory Girl.

The Temperance Lodge with which I had been for some years connected gave a social entertainment in aid of its charitable fund, which closed with a ball, that was fully attended by the younger residents of the pretty suburban town of Lockwood.

Among the few strangers who came from the city to "patronise" our worthy but humble effort, a showy young man, of fashionable dress and exterior, put in an appearance, and managed to engross a full share of notice among our rural people, of both sexes.

Mr. Robbins was in request. All the girls were "dying" to be presented to him, and he had danced and waltzed with most of them, when he casually caught a glimpse of a plainly attired Miss, across the hall, whose face seemed vastly to interest him. He turned to his showy partner, and inquired:

"Who is the lady yonder?"

"Which one?" responded his friend indifferently.

"She with the golden hair, and azure skirt."

"Oh, yes; I see. *That's* nobody."

"Nobody! She's the prettiest creature I've seen out of London," said Robbins earnestly.

"Why Mister Robbins," exclaimed the young woman, with emphasis, "what a taste you must have, to be sure!"

"Indeed, I mean it, Miss. 'Pon my word, her hair is lovely, and her features are exquisitely moulded. How have I missed *her* all this evening?"

"Why, Mr. Robbins, that's Maggie Weaver. She's *only a poor working girl*; and nobody that is anybody will think much of your fancying her, I promise you."

"She's beautiful, nevertheless" insisted the youth, "and her dress is very becoming."

"Dress! Why, that blue skirt is nothing but cheap muslin; and I am surprised that you are so easily captivated—you who see so many beautiful city belles."

"You are acquainted with her?" inquired Robbins.

"Yes—yes," responded the young lady, with a toss of the head. "That is, she is not exactly of our 'set,' but everybody knows Maggie Weaver."

"Will you introduce me?"

The young woman yawned an envious "Yes, I s'pose I must," and was borne by her city partner to a seat near the spot where pretty Maggie was standing at this moment, surveying the company at her leisure.

In truth, the subject of Mr. Robbins's sudden admiration *was* a lovely and lovable creature, and under more fortunate conditions in a temporal way, would have challenged attention in any social sphere.

As it was, Maggie had grown up in the little village amid the humblest surroundings, and for years she had been the slender but chief prop of the small and poverty-stricken family she sprung from.

But she was a good girl—strong, robust, industrious and courageous—and for the previous four or five years had contrived, through her constant labours in a neighbouring factory, to keep the wolf from the very humble door of her long-widowed mother.

Her garb was simple and "cheap," but neat and tasteful. Mr. Robbins was presented to her and sought her hand in the dance. But she was engaged to the end of the list—her card was full, and he was disappointed. Maggie vouchsafed the rather patronising Mr. Robbins the merest passing civility, for she did not fancy him, and the social closed.

Miss Kate Flimsie—the young lady who had spoken so cavalierly of her pretty townswoman—had met Mr. Robbins before, and was fascinated with his flashy and off-hand manners. She was the favourite daughter of the richest man in the village, whose family stood at the head of the country aristocracy of the place, and she was esteemed to be a good catch—in a marriageable point of view.

Years before, this lady and Maggie had been schoolmates temporarily, but never became intimate. Kate enjoyed the comforts of a good home, and passed her life, as idle young ladies do frequently, at her ease, in her father's handsome mansion on Prospect Hill.

Maggie went her way after quitting school, but found herself obliged to turn her energies to account directly, to earn her living. And thus she came to be known, in a few months, as Kate had designated her, by the homely title of "only a poor working girl."

But pretty Maggie Weaver was an independent body. She cared very little for the opinions of her envious or uncharitable associates, and plodded straight on, continuing to labour steadily and honourably, and looking constantly to the comfort—as far as it was possible to contribute to it—of her dearly loved mother and younger sister.

Maggie was enterprising, and fortunate in her labours. She could do as much work, in her way, as the best in the factory, and she never flagged in prosecuting her duties.

She had never given Mr. Robbins a thought since she parted with him at the ball, until one afternoon, upon going home at an earlier hour than was her custom, she found standing before the low cottage door a handsome city phaeton, before which a fine stately horse stood pawing the gravel, while the driver was just emerging from her mother's house, and in her very plain and time-worn factory dress. Miss Maggie then and there was surprised to encounter, in yellow kids and faultless habit, the agreeable Mr. Robbins.

The city beau was becomingly gracious, though, really, he did not exactly fancy the texture, hue, or make-up of poor Maggie's fretted attire.

Yet the same sunny smile, the ruddy cheek, ripe lips, clear eye and golden hair, which had so pleased him at the social, remained unchanged.

Maggie gracefully recognised her whilom admirer, and was passing into the low door, when Robbins urged her to accompany him upon a brief drive up the valley. It was so pleasant a day, she would so enjoy it, and he would be so happy, etc.

Now Maggie Weaver very rarely had the opportunity for this sort of indulgence, and it was somewhat tempting, verily. This was but her passing thought, however. She thanked him civily, remembered her young friend Frank Silver, the cabinet-maker, who was hard at work in the village half a mile away, who was so strongly attached to her, and declined.

Mr. Robbins departed, but came again and again. But Maggie turned away from his advances, and finally rid herself of his importunities.

Mr. Robbins then followed up his earlier conquest, and found less difficulty in approaching the plain but prospectively rich Miss Kate Flimsie, who had long since exhibited a partiality in his favour. And subsequently three years passed by, with their freight of chances, joys and sorrows; at the end of which, important changes had taken place in the history and fortunes of the parties we have so far described.

A commercial crisis had occurred, and the father of Miss Kate had gone under, financially and hopelessly. His property had been swept away, and his health failed him. His showy daughter was no longer the desirable match she had seemed to be, and Mr. Robbins had long since disappeared in search of a more promising victim.

Kate cast about her in search of friends, but the butterflies that in her hours of sunshine had flitted around her, no longer shook their fair wings within her circle. The old "set" was broken up, and the aristocratic, idle girl came face to face with stern adversity.

Frank Silver was now twenty-three years old, and had been in business on his own account over a twelvemonth—hard at work, but successfully. Maggie Weaver had been betrothed to this earnest and accomplished mechanic for some time, and the village beauty who had all her life been "only a poor working girl," had, in the interim spoken of, provided for her widowed mother, educated her sister, and saved from her earnings a surplus of over three hundred dollars, with which she was now preparing for her near approaching wedding with honest, industrious Frank Silver.

Maggie heard of the downfall of her former schoolmate, and as she went and came about her daily factory labours, she thought how she might be of service to her.

"Katie's proud, and always was a haughty girl," said Maggie to herself; "and I don't think she ever loved anybody—least of all, poor *me!* But then she was petted and indulged and pampered, and she isn't so much to be blamed, after all. I'm going to be married. There will be a vacancy. I wonder would Katie like to take my place in the factory? She always spoke of me as being 'only a poor working girl,' I know. So I *am*—so I have been. She spoke truly, but not kindly."

Maggie soon afterwards sought out the ruined merchant's daughter, who, to her agreeable surprise, received her with friendly and respectful grace.

"Now, Katie, dear," said Maggie warmly, "you know I'm always plain-spoken and frank with every one, and you know also that I never cared much for the whims of those who think themselves above me. I know all about your family misfortune, and I'm very sorry for your reverses. I've always been 'only a poor working girl,' you know, but I have enjoyed rare good health. I've saved some money from my hard earnings, and I'm going to be married. My place will be vacated in the factory next month. I can earn nine or ten dollars a week. You can 'step into my shoes' and get two-thirds this pay at first, and in a year earn as much as I do now. I shall recommend some one. Will you accept it?"

Long before sweet Maggie had got to the point of this little speech, tears of gratitude had suffused the clear eyes of Kate, who thought she never felt so happy in her life as when she replied, with all her tender woman's heart:

"Dear Maggie Weaver, I always knew you were a sweet, good girl; now you are an angel. What *ever* prompted you to this kindness? In all my list of old sunshine acquaintances, do you know that not one would have ventured to suggest such a scheme as this to me. Accept it? Of course I will, with all my heart, and ten thousand thanks for the opportunity thus providentially offered, Maggie. You think I have been proud, eh? Well, I will be ten times more proud hereafter, as 'a poor working girl,' than I ever was before. *She* depends upon herself, and has the right to be proud indeed."

And the two poor girls embraced, and thenceforward pledged to each other their mutual friendship for life.

Three months afterward, Maggie became Mrs. Frank Silver, and the newly-wedded pair settled down in a small but pretty cottage built and paid for by Frank, and afterward neatly furnished with the savings of Maggie; who, having installed Miss Kate in her new calling at the factory, said:

"Now, Katie, dear, take courage. It is a nice place, always plenty to do, and good pay. I've been here over nine years, and I never regretted the necessity that obliged me thus to look out for myself and those I love."

"Thanks, thanks," said Kate.

"Come and see us in our little cottage home whenever you can, Katie."

"I will, Maggie—"

"Look the thing straight in the face, dear, always, and you'll come out as bright as a new guinea. Good-by."

They parted. Katie went to work with a will, and has succeeded admirably in her new vocation.

Maggie is a happy young mother; and neither Katie nor Maggie *now* regrets the fact, that she WAS ONLY A POOR WORKING GIRL.

The Surprise

"It is always pleasanter to give people a surprise when you can," said Mr. Thorneycroft.

And so he stepped more mincingly over the frozen ground, although he was a good mile and a half from the country house whither his footsteps were bound, as if the old ash trees and leafless tangles of briers along the roadside were so many ears to hear, and telegraphic wires to report.

A snug little man slightly bald on the crown of his head, with leg of mutton shaped side whiskers, merry gray eyes and a fresh complexion like the sunny side of a winter apple; this was Mr. Thorneycroft's pen photograph, as he plodded his way over the desolate road which led from the station at Winterdale to the Clinton homestead—at least in so far as the porter's rather misty directions were to be credited.

"I should a s'posed they'd ha' sent the carriage to meet you, sir," said the man. "It's a good three miles, and not the easiest road in the world neither."

"But you see, my good friend, they don't expect me," said Mr. Thorneycroft. "I intend to surprise them."

"Humph!" said the man. "I don't believe in surprises; but it an't me as has got to walk the three miles over the hills, with the wind fit to freeze the nose off my face."

So saying, this misanthropic porter moved off, and Mr. Thorneycroft, nowise disheartened, commenced his twilight tramp.

"Clinton, don't look for me till next week," he said to himself. "How he will stare to see me walk in upon him! I wonder what he will be doing? It seems almost impossible that ten years have elapsed since last we looked upon each other's faces. And to think that he's a sober old edition of Benedict the married man now, with children of his own! He wrote to me that his pretty sister-in-law was staying there too. Aha! *I* know what the sly dog is up to, although he covered up his meaning so neatly under a double stratum of words. He wants me to fall in love with Nora Kincaid. Well, why not, if she's half as pretty and agreeable as his letters have made her out to be? Up to this time I've been a gret deal too busy to think about any such luxuries as love or matrimony; but now that my business seems beyond danger, and things are after a fashion settled, why—"

And Mr. Thorneycroft felt his whiskers with complacent meditation.

But even as he congratulated himself upon the agreeable surprise he was about to give his old college friend, Charley Clinton, he could not but feel the icy touch of the chill northwest wind, as it whistled over the plains and rushed madly round the lee of thickets, like a clumsy young spirit of the Arctic regions playing at hide-and-seek with half a dozen other Borean blasts. Mr. Thorneycroft's feet were getting cold; his hands felt like ice even in his fleecy-lined gloves; and he couldn't but reflect that a purple nose and cheek-bones, looking as if they were coated with red varnish, would hardly add materially to the graces of his first appearance before Miss Nora Kincaid, Clinton's beautiful sister-in-law.

"Perhaps it would have been wiser for me to have hired a gig or something," he thought, a little uneasily. "But then I couldn't have surprised 'em half so neatly. Whew-w-w! I wonder if people's ears ever *do* freeze in this climate!"

However, there is an end to all things, even to a desolate twilight tramp over a February wilderness, and presently our hero came in sight of the welcome lights of the handsome white house on the side hill, just as dusk was drawing its sombre vail over all the landscape.

"I don't really think I could have walked much further," he said to himself. "And it is beginning to snow quite fast. So this is where old Charley lives, eh? Pretty grounds—hawthorn hedge—nice idea of a lawn: upon my word, the place is more extensive than I had supposed. Lights shining out through red curtains—quite picturesque! A lucky thought—I'll take a peep at 'em all, before I introduce myself. How Charley will stare! Ha! ha! ha!

And on tiptoe Mr. Thorneycroft crept across the piazza, and flattened his nose against the glass of the window.

A quiet domestic scene met his view: a shaded lamp burning like some tranquil moon on the centre-table; a great fire of logs blazing in the grate; two or three little children playing at building block towers on the rug, and two pretty women reading by the light—slender, dark-haired and graceful.

I wonder which of 'em is Nora?" thought Mr. Thorneycroft. "Confound it, they've both got their faces turned away. Perhaps at the further window I could see if—"

Tiptoeing across the snow-besprinkled walk, our hero's boot soles played him, literally speaking, a slippery trick, and down he came in a sitting posture, his head striking smartly against the panes of glass.

"Oh!" cried Mr. Thorneycroft, with an acute accent of mingled pain and dismay.

And in barely a second, as it seemed to him, the solitary piazza was swarming with life. He was seized around the collar by a Herculean grasp; two savage dogs hung barking at his coat tails, and the air was resonant with shrieks feminine and growls masculine.

"Don't let him come in here," cried a falsetto voice, doubtless proceeding forth from one of the fair students. "I shall die, if you do! Oh, if Charles were only at home!"

"I've got you, you villain!" roared a gruff voice, as Mr. Thorneycroft felt himself shaken to and fro, like a reed in a hurricane, while a painful apoplectic sensation took possession of throat and brain. "You're the fellow that has been sneak-thieving round the country this past month, are you? Well, you've got to the end of your rope at last. Where are Farmer Barley's overcoat? Where are Mrs. Grimes' silver spoons? Where have you hidden Colonel Johnson's hunting-boots and coat? eh?"—with a separate shake for each interrogatory.

Mr. Thorneycroft, who had been pulled to his feet through no exertion of his own, stood helplessly staring straight before him.

"It's all a mistake," he croaked, trying to free himself from the strangling pressure on his cravat; "it's—"

"I dare say; a likely story," responded his captor, a muscular young fellow somewhat taller than himself. "There, there, Nora, don't scream so; I've got him safe enough."

"Oh, my!" ejaculated a voice from the crowd of woman-servants at the door; "what a ill-lookin' old willain he is, to be sure! I'd a-known him for a sneak-thief anywheres."

"I am no sneak-thief!" ejaculated Mr. Thorneycroft. "I am—"

"Never mind your genealogical table, my friend," was the response, "but just come with me. Good dog, Bose! hold tight, Carlo!"

"Where are you going to put the poor fellow, Harry?" chirped a soft voice; the screaming, by the way, having by this time subsided into a volley of sighs and long breaths and "O goodness graciouses!"

"In the chamber over the brick stable. He'll keep there, I imagine, with a good stout padlock and plenty of chain!"

"But it 's so cold there!" with a pitying accent.

"I'll risk it."

"*Will* you hear me?" gasped poor Thorneycroft. "I am—"

"Come along; and no more of your nonsense!" was the brusque rejoinder.

"But I came to—"

"We know quite well what you came after, my worthy friend!" answered the muscular hero. "Any necessary explanation can be made before a magistrate to-morrow. Carlo, old boy, d' ye mind?" Carlo wagged his bushy tail meaningly. "If he opens his mouth, on him, my dog! Now, friend, you will find that silence is by all odds the best policy."

And thus Mr. Thorneycroft was dragged ignominiously across the lawn, through a sort of paved court, to a sepulchrally smelling stable, where it was cold as Greenland and damp as the Bastile, and locked in.

"Is this the way to treat a Christian?" he indignantly demanded, the minute six good inches of door plank were between him and Carlo's double row of gleaming fangs. "Listen, you fellow! I am—"

But the sound of vanishing footsteps was all the answer he received, and a hoarse growl told that the dogs had mounted guard across the threshold of his prison-house.

The room was quite dark and dismally cold, but from a rustling underneath his feet, our hapless hero could discover that there was straw sufficient for a bed, upon which he nestled down wrapping his overcoat about him with a spasmodic fit of shivering.

"The scoundrels!" he muttered to himself—"the ill-bred louts, not to know a gentleman when they see him!"

But then he remembered that his enemies had really *not* seen him thus far, and could but confess to himself that the circumstances *did* wear a rather a suspicious aspect.

"It will be all right to-morrow, when they give me a chance to explain matters," thought Mr. Thorneycroft, striving to be hopeful.

But in the mean time—Alas! was this the end of his "surprise?"

The winter night wore away, and Mr. Thorneycroft, huddled up in his straw, like a convict in a prison cell, shivered through the long lonely hours. Rheumatic pains began to dart through his limbs; frequent sneezes shook him from head to foot, *avant couriers* of a hearty attack of influenza; and he felt his neck growing stiff and stiffer. Poor Mr. Thorneycroft! if he had been twenty years younger, he would probably have regarded the whole affair as a joke; now it was too mournfully serious.

"Why couldn't I have rung the door bell, like a Christian?" he asked himself regretfully. "Or, better still, why didn't I telegraph that I was coming?" I never will undertake to *surprise* people again!"

Toward morning he drifted into a sort of unquiet slumber, from which he was aroused by the turning of a key in the rusty padlock without.

"Hey; who's there?" he cried aloud, starting up as well as he could for the stiffness in all his limbs. "Charley, old fellow!"

For the light through the eastern window was clear and radiant now.

"Why, it's Thorneycroft!" bawled a cheerful voice. "How the deuce came Tom Thorneycroft locked up here like a burglar?"

And Mr. Thorneycroft told his tale, interrupted by irrepressible bursts of laughter on the part of his friend, who could not but see the ridiculous side of the matter.

"But why didn't you tell 'em whom you were?"

"How could I?" snapped Mr. Thorneycroft, "when they didn't give me a chance, with their dogs and their revolvers, to speak a word?"

"Well, *it is* rather an inhospitable reception," said Clinton, warmly pressing his friend's hand; "and had I been at home, it never would have happened. But come in and get warmed; you are as cold as a snow image. Breakfast is just ready, and—"

"Upon my word, sir," put in a genial voice, "I am heartily sorry that such a misunderstanding should have occurred. I'm afraid I screwed your neckcloth up pretty tight once or twice, last evening; but things did look rather ugly for you, you must own yourself. Pray accept every apology."

"This is my friend, Mr. Allston," said Charley Clinton; and as Thorneycroft bowed stiffly he added, in a whisper: "Just engaged to Nora, my wife's sister. Ha, ha! old fellow, you see you're a day behind the fair."

And during the long siege of inflammatory rheumatism that followed, our hero was doomed to be a daily witness of the billings and cooings of the engaged pair.

Poor Mr. Thorneycroft! Truly, in his case, the sport had hardly been worth the candle. Clinton thought it all a "jolly lark," but then Clinton hadn't been locked up all night in the stable chamber, with six weeks of inflammatory rheumatism by way of sequel. And things do look so differently from different points of view.

Barbara: Ugly and Beautiful.

"Upon my word, Barbara, I think you grow uglier every day!" said Ernest Vaughan coolly, as he lighted his cigar at the softly shining light beneath the rose-coloured glass shade, and surveyed his tall cousin as he did so.

Barbara Bateson shrank back as if he had dealt her an actual corporeal blow. Poor Barbara! She had been watching all day for the tardy train to bring her handsome cousin from College. She had brushed her hair so carefully, and selected the very prettiest white dress, trimmed with blue ribbons, from her whole scanty wardrobe, because she had once heard Ernest say that he liked white, and hung the coral drops that Uncle Montagu had sent her from India in her ears; and this was his verdict, after all!

"I can't help it!" cried Barbara passionately, while every drop of blood in her body seemed to concentrate itself at once in her burning cheeks. "I know I'm a great, ugly, gawky thing; but you oughtn't to twit me with it, Cousin Ernest."

Mrs. Vaughan, kind, motherly soul that she was, was in the dining-room, busy with preserves and tarts innumerable, to tempt her newly arrived son's appetite, when Barbara Bateson rushed in like a whirlwind.

"Aunt Effie, tell me; am I so *very* ugly?"

"Goodness gracious!" cried Mrs. Vaughan, nearly upsetting a glass dish of preserves in her amazement. "What has come to the child? What on earth do you mean, Barbara?"

"Ernest says I'm uglier than ever," sobbed the tall, ungainly girl, as she sank despairingly on the cushions in front of the looking-glass.

"He's only teasing you, dear."

"No, he's not. He is speaking the truth. But I don't think he ought to *tell* me so."

Barbara surveyed herself with dolorous earnestness. A swarthy, not to say muddy complexion; heavy brown hair arranged very unbecomingly, and great wine-dark eyes; lips too thick for beauty and features whose heavy mould, however much it might promise for the future, was certainly grotesquely inappropriate for a girl of fifteen—all these returned no answering delight.

"*I am* ugly," sighed Barbara, "and Ernest only spoke the truth. Oh, Aunt Effie, I wish I were a man. An ugly woman is like a soundless instrument or a colourless flower. Men can fight against their own fate, and make themselves a place in the world; women are utterly helpless."

And from that time Barbara Bateson's character seemed to undergo a change, imperceptible yet entire. She withdrew more within herself; she cultivated mental resources, and depended less on the companionship and approval of others.

"Dear me!" sighed kind Aunt Vaughan; "I only hope our Barbara isn't growing strong-minded. If she should turn public lecturer or artist or authoress, I really don't know how I could stand it."

"Let her alone, mother," said Ernest. "Al girls have to undergo a transition state, and I always thought there was more than common in little Barbara. If she wasn't so ugly, I really should get interested in her. I always did like to study character."

"Well," said Mrs. Vaughan dubiously, "she *isn't* handsome, but for all that I don't know how I could spare Barbara."

"I don't love him," said Barbara Bateson meditatively to herself, "but I shall accept him. I want to prove to Ernest that there is some one who thinks me not absolutely frightful!"

A dangerous experiment, Barbara, and one that many a woman wiser than you has lived to repent. Marriages from pique are the marriages which fill our divorce courts with sorrowful tales, and make out the records of broken and blighted hearts.

But Barbara confided her secret sentiments to no one, and Mrs. Vaughan wrote a long account to Ernest, now lounging among the ruins of Pompeii and Herculaneum, of what a brilliant match Barbara was about to make. Ernest wrote back a congratulatory letter, and sent a lovely set of pink Neapolitan coral, which Barbara never once put on. Colonel Allston made an "old man's darling" of her, and she had no lack of brilliant jewels to wear.

And yet Barbara was miserable.

"Child," said Mrs. Vaughan, one evening, as she sat in the room which Mrs. Allston had just entered, dressed for a party in cream-coloured silk and diamonds, "do you know how you have changed during the past year? I never in all my life saw such an alteration in any one."

"Have I?" said Barbara indifferently. Yet, as she looked in the glass, she could not but see it herself.

"I wonder if Ernest would think me 'ugly' now?' she said, striving to speak lightly, but with a concealed tremor in her voice.

"Ugly!" echoed Mrs. Vaughan. "Why, Barbara, you are beautiful!"

She was. The large features were in harmony now with the rest of her face; the complexion had cleared to a creamy softness, with roses blooming on her cheeks and carnations on her lips; the nut-brown hair drooped in satin waves on either side of her head, and the large dark eyes were full of shadowy, mysterious depths beneath their fringed lids. Yes; Barbara saw that she was fair to look upon, and her woman heart rejoiced within her.

As she turned, stately and jewel-decked, she saw that a stranger had entered the room unannounced, and stood as if rooted to the floor, close to the doorway.

"Ernest!" cried both aunt and niece in one breath.

"Yes, I am Ernest Vaughan," he answered, shading his eyes, as if dazzled by some over-bright vision. "But, pardon me; I was told my cousin Barbara lived here."

Mrs. Vaughan started to her feet.

"Ernest, is it possible that you don't know your cousin?"

The dimples came to Barbara's cheek, the radiant softness to her eyes; this was a triumph worth having. She advanced with gracious gracefulness.

"I am Barbara."

And she saw in his eyes the marvellous change wrought by the inscrutable old alchemist Time.

That night, when Barbara came home and sat before her mirror, unclasping diamond fillet and bracelet, and loosening the dusky waves of her superb hair, and saw the peaceful face and white hairs of old Colonel Allston on the pillow beyond, she put her hand suddenly to her heart. Was it a sudden pang? was it remorse? was it a consciousness, all too late, of the mistake she had made? Did she discover then, for the first time, that she had loved Ernest Vaughan all these years, and that at last he was her captive?

Rising softly, she crept across the velvet-piled carpet, and knelt silently beside the pillow, pressing her ripe red lips against the scattered iron-gray locks.

"I never thought of *this*," she pondered. "No; I never dreamed what might come to me when I beheld him once more. But oh! my husband, manly and tender, from whose lips I never yet heard an unkind word; my noble, loving guardian and protector, I *will* be true to thee!"

And Barbara's vow was registered in the high heaven above.

When she waked the next morning, the servants were tapping at her door with confused utterance, and white, frightened faces. "Master had fallen in a fit or something!" He had not begun to drink his coffee at the solitary breakfast which was his usual habit, when his features grew rigid, and he fell from his chair, dead.

And before the sunset of the short winter day reddened the west, Barbara Bateson was free.

A year afterward, when she stood at the altar a second time, her hand in that of Ernest Vaughan, it seemed as if her past life had been but a dream—as if she were now beginning to exist, for the first time, in reality.

"Ernest," she whispered to him, as he led her to the carriage, "do you remember how you used to tease me about being ugly?"

"What makes you think of that just now, Barbara?" he asked, smiling.

"I don't know; it all seems to come back to me, like a vision. Ernest, it may be very wicked, but I think I loved you all the time, ungainly, awkward child though I was."

"My queen!" he murmured softly.

How Livingstone was Bitten
by a Lion.

The accompanying extract from Dr. Livingstone's "Missionary Travels and Researches in South Africa," published in 1857, will be read with interest. In giving an account of an attack on a troop of lions in the village of Mabotsa, Dr. Livingstone says: "In going round the end of the hill, however, I saw one of the beasts sitting on a piece of rock as before, but this time he had a little bush in front. Being about thirty yards off, I took a good aim at his body through the bush, and fired both barrels into it. The men then called out, 'He is shot! he is shot!' Others cried, 'He has been shot by another man too; let us go to him!' I did not see anyone else shoot at him, but I saw the lion's tail erected in anger behind the bush, and, turning to the people, said, 'Stop a little till I load again.' When in the act of ramming down the bullets, I heard a shout. Starting, and looking half round, I saw the lion just in the act of springing upon me. I was upon a little height; he caught my shoulder as he sprang, and we both came to the ground below together. Growling horribly close to my ear, he shook me as a terrier dog does a rat. The shock produced a stupor similar to that which seems to be felt by a mouse after the first shake of the cat. It caused a sort of dreaminess in which there was no sense of pain nor feeling of terror, though quite conscious of all that was happening. It was like what patients partially under the influence of chloroform describe, who see all the operation, but feel not the knife. This singular condition was not the result of any mental process. The shake annihilated fear, and allowed no sense of horror in looking round at the beast. This peculiar state is probably produced in all animals killed by the carnivora; and, if so, is a merciful provision by our benevolent Creator for lessening the pain of death. . . . Besides crushing the bone into splinters he left eleven teeth wounds on the upper part of my arm. A wound from this animal's tooth resembles a gunshot wound; it is generally followed by a great deal of sloughing and discharge, and pains are felt in the part periodically ever afterwards. I had on a tartan jacket on the occasion, and I believe that it wiped off all the virus from the teeth that pierced the flesh, for my two companions in this affray—who were bitten, one in the thigh and the other on the shoulder—have both suffered from these peculiar pains, while I have escaped with only the inconvenience of a false joint in my limb. The man whose shoulder was wounded showed me his wound actually burst forth afresh in the same month of the following year."

"MOTHER, what's in the pot?" "A pig's head and turnips, dear." Little Mary being of an inquisitive turn, she got peeping in the pot, when she saw one of the turnips in the pig's mouth. "Mother, mother!" she cried. "What's the matter?" "Oh, mother, if you don't come quick the pig will eat all the turnips!"

Ha, Ha, the Jillet, Oh!

She was young, and he was old,
 Ha, ha, the jillet, oh!
He had riches, he had gold,
 Ha, ha, the jillet, oh!
Haverin', crabbit, auld was he,
Sweetly fair and sonsie she,
Hoo could sic a wedding be?
 Ha, ha, the jillet, oh!

There were mony lads aboot,
 Ha, ha, the jillet, oh!
Cam to see th' auld man, nae doot,
 Ha, ha, the jillet, oh!

Ane there was ca'ed Jock by name,
Oftener than the rest he came,
Always found the lass at hame,
 Ha, ha, the jillet, oh!

Noo the carl is gane to rest,
 Ha, ha, the jillet, oh!
Dourly is the lassie drest,
 Ha, ha, the jillet, oh!
But they say that Jockie's gay,
He'll be marrit, so they say,
When the lassie names the day,
 Ha, ha, the jillet, oh!

—*Gordon Campbell, in Gentleman's Magazine.*

Literary Rambler.

"Many Men, Many Minds."

YOUNG MALCOLM AND OLD DUNCAN BLOWING THE BAG-PIPES.

Malcolm, who had been leaning against the *chimley-lug* while his grandfather spoke, moved gently round behind his chair, reached out for the pipes where they lay in a corner at the old man's side, and catching them up softly, put the mouth-piece to his lips. With a few vigorous blasts he filled the bag, and out burst the double droning bass, while the youth's fingers, clutching the chanter as by the throat, at once compelled its screeches into shape far better, at least, than his lips had been able to give to the crude material of Gaelic. He played the only reel he knew, but that with vigour and effect.

At the first sound of its notes the old man sprung to his feet and began capering to the reel—partly in delight with the music, but far more in delight with the musician, while ever and anon, with feeble yell, he uttered the unspellable *Hoogh*, of the Highlander, and jumped as he thought high in the air, though his failing limbs, alas! lifted his feet scarce an inch from the floor.

"Aigh! aigh!" he sighed at length, yielding the contest between his legs and the lungs of the lad—"aigh! aigh! she'll die happy! she'll die happy! Hear till her poy, how he makes ta pipes speak ta true Gaelic! Ta pest o' Gaelic, tat! Old Tuncan's pipes'll not know how to be talking Sassenach. See to it! see to it! He had put to blow in at ta one end, and out cam to veel at the other. Hoogh! hoogh! Play us ta Righil Thulachan, Malcolm, my chief!"

"I kenna reel, strathspey, nor lilt, but jist that burd alane, daddy."

"Give tem to me, my poy!" cried the old piper, reaching out a hand as eager to clutch the uncouth instrument as the miser's to finger his gold; "hear well to me as I play, and you'll soon be able to play pibroch or coronach with the best piper between Cape Wrath and ta Mull o'Cantyre."

He played tune after tune until his breath failed him, and an exhausted grunt of the drone in the middle of a coronach, followed by an abrupt pause, revealed the emptiness of both lungs and bag. Then first he remembered his object; forgotten the moment he had filled his bag.

"Now, Malcolm," he said, offering the pipes to his grandson; "you play tat after me."—"*Malcolm*" *by George Macdonald, L.L.D.*

ANECDOTE OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

There used to be a clerk in the register's office, who belonged to one of those Washington families which, ever since the foundation of the Government, have considered themselves, by prescriptive right, entitled to be provided for by it. At the same time, his father was chief of one of the bureaus in the War Department, and he had a brother who was employed in the Interior Department. He had also another brother who had been in the army, but, becoming disabled by illness, had been honourably discharged. For this brother, too, he was determined to secure a place in the Civil Service. With this object he went from department to department, but without success. Finally he determined to go directly to the President himself, and to appeal to him to intervene in behalf of the discharged soldier. Mr. Lincoln, it would seem, had heard of the case before the Treasury clerk secured the audience with him which he sought. When the interview had terminated, the disappointed clerk rushed back to our department and into my office, and commenced in the most indiscreet and intemperate manner to express his disgust with the President. "It is a disgrace to the country," he said, "that such a boor should be president of the United States!" I drew from him the story of what had occurred between the President and himself, and it was something like this: Mr. Lincoln received him kindly and listened to his request. "Why don't you go directly to the Secretaries?" he asked. "I have been to them all, and failed with all," was the answer. "Hasn't your brother sufficiently recovered his health to enable him to return to the army?" inquired the President. "No, sir, he has not," was the reply. "Let me see," continued Mr. Lincoln, "I believe that you yourself are a clerk in one of the departments—which one is it?" "The Treasury Department, sir." "I thought so. Has your brother as good clerical capacity as you possess?" "Yes, sir." "I think I have somewhere met your father. Doesn't he hold an office in Washington?" "Yes, sir; he is chief of the —— Bureau in the War Department." "Oh, yes; I now recollect him perfectly well. Has your brother good references as to character?" "Yes, sir; the very best." "Is there any other of your family holding office under Government?" "Yes, sir; I have a younger brother in the Interior Department." "Well, then, all I have to say to you Mr. ——, is that there are too many hogs, and too little fodder!"—*Maunsell Field's Memories of Many Men.*

BILLINGSGATE ON FRIDAY MORNING.

Everybody comes to Billingsgate in his worst clothes; and no one knows the length of time a coat can be worn until they have been to a fish-sale. Through the bright opening at the end are seen the tangled rigging of the oyster-boats and the red-worsted caps of the sailors. Over the hum of voices is heard the shouts of the salesmen, who, with their white aprons, peering above the heads of the mob, stand on their tables roaring out their prices. All are bawling together—salesmen and hucksters of provisions, capes, hardware, and newspapers—till the place is a perfect Babel of competition. "Ha-a-andsome cod! the best in the market! All alive! alive! alive! oh!"—"Ye-o-o! ye-o-o! Here's your fine Yarmouth bloaters! Who's the buyer?"—"Here you are, governor; splendid whiting! some of the right sort!"—"Turbot! turbot! All alive, turbot!"—"Glass of nice peppermint, this cold morning? Halfpenny a glass!"—"Here you are, at your own price! Fine soles, oh!"—"Oy! oy! oy! Now's your time! Fine grizzling sprats! all large, and no small!"—"Hullo! hullo, here! Beautiful lobsters! good and cheap. Fine cock crabs, all alive, oh!"—"Five brill and one turbot—have that lot for a pound! Come and look at 'em governor; you won't see a better lot in the market."—"Here! this way; this way, for splendid skate! Skate, oh! skate, oh!"—"Had-had-had-had-haddock! All fresh and good!"—"Currant and meat puddings! a ha'penny each!"—"Now, you mussel-buyers, come along! come along! come along! Now's your time for fine fat mussels!"—"Here's food for the belly, and clothes for the back; but I sell food for the mind!" shouts the newsvendor.—"Here's smelt oh!"—"Here ye are, fine finney haddick!"—"Hot soup! nice pea soup! a-all hot! hot!"—"Ahoy! ahoy! here! Live place! all alive, oh!"—"Now or never! Whelk! whelk! whelk!"—"Who'll buy brill, oh; brill, oh?"—"Capes! waterproof capes! Sure to keep the wet out! A shilling apiece!"—"Eels, oh! eels oh! Alive! oh! alive, oh!"—"Fine flounders, a shilling a lot! Who'll have this fine lot of flounders?"—"Shrimps! shrimps! fine shrimps?"—"Wink! wink! wink!"—*Old and New London.*

"THIM BLESSED BEES."

In Charles Lever's delightful "O'Donoghue" there occurs a remarkable rich passage, illustrating the relations subsisting between an improving English landlord and an untutored tenant. The scene is on the lawn of The O'Donoghue's castle in Kerry. The tenants have assembled to meet the worthy English baronet who had purchased the property, and who with his agent standing in the parlour-window watched eagerly for some result of the many "improvements" which at great cost he had endeavoured to introduce to the wild and untutored peasants of the district. The agent presents the tenants to the worthy innovator, who inquires into the condition of the grumbling and dissatisfied recipients of his favours. At length, on a tenant presenting himself whom the agent fails to recognise, the baronet turns to the figure before him, which, with face and head swollen out of all proportion, and showing distorted features and fiery eyes through the folds of a cotton handkerchief, awaits his address in sullen silence.

"Who are you, my good man? What has happened to you?"

"Faix, an' it's well ye may ax; me own mother wouldn't know me this blessed mornin'; 'tis all your own doin' entirely."

"My doing!" replied the astonished baronet, "what can I have to do with the state you are in, my good man?"

"Yes, it is your doin',' answers the enraged proprietor of the swollen head; "'tis all your doin', and well ye may be proud of it; 'twas thim blessed bees ye gev me. We brought the divils into the house last night, an' where did we put them but in the pig's corner. Well, after Katey and the childre an myself was awhile in bed, the pig goes rooting about the house, and he wasn't asy till he hooked his nose into the hive, and spilt the bees out about the flure; and thin whin I got out of bid to let out the pig that was a roaring through the house, the bees sittled down on me, an' began stingin' me, an' I jumped into bid agin wid the whole of thim after me into Katty an' the childre; an' thin, what wid the bees a buzzin' an' a stingin' us under the clothes, out we all jumped agin, an' the divil such a night was ever spint in Ireland as we spint last night. What wid Katty an the childre a roarin, an' a ballin', an' the pig tarin' up an' down like mad, an' Katty wid the besom, an' myself wid the fryin-pan flattening the bees agin the wall till mornin', an' thin the sight we war in the mornin', begor its ashamed of yourself you ought to be!"

SAD FATE OF GENIUS.

There is something very sad in the report of a sale of autographs which took place in London. We read that amongst the letters disposed of was one from Henry Fielding "complaining of money disappointments;" one from De Foe "complaining of his treatment;" one from Goldsmith "giving a doleful account of his travels on the Continent;" one from Sterne requesting a loan of £50; and one from Swift setting forth that such was his poverty that "if I come to More-park, it must be on foot." It would be impossible to name five men who stand higher in the ranks of English classical literature than those here mentioned. And yet when by chance odd letters from them turn up at a sale by auction a century or so after their death, we find them with one accord bewailing the straits in which poverty has landed them. Nine guineas Swift's letter brought; a sum that would have taken him to More-park in a post-chaise had it been forthcoming in the moment of need. I wonder how much will be paid at auction in 1974 for a letter from Charles Dickens in which "the distinguished novelist mentions that he earned in three years £30,000 by the reading of chapters from books for which he had already been paid a princely price."—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

The Ladies' Own Corner.

THE PARISIAN FASHIONS.

PROMENADE TOILETTE.

The following extracts are from the Paris correspondence of the *Queen*: A mixture of wool and silk is now the favourite promenade toilette. The newest and best arranged costumes are so contrived that it is impossible to say which material predominates. The woollen material is either bège, fine French cashmere, or mohair. Costumes are also made of either foulard or thick tussore, with velvet or faille skirts. The effect of light foulard upon black velvet is always very successful. For costumes that consist of a skirt, a tunic, and a casaque, the new style is to make the upper portions of grey bège, and to trim them all over with straight lines of flat braid, using a feather trimming to match as a bordering. Another favourite novelty is a casque and tunic of pale blue bège, trimmed with fawn feathers. A small jacket cut to the figure, fastened at the side and with feathers forming a ruche all round it is the favourite style. The tunics should be very long in front, where they are frequently ornamented with a ladder of faille bows; at the back they are short, and form only sash or scarf ends. I reiterate these details because the fashions will not again change until autumn. Lighter colours will be worn a month hence, but the general cut and style will vary but little. All bodices are made with basques; the fronts of the skirts cling even closer to the figure, if possible, than during the winter; and for evening wear, the tunics are immensely long, and very bouffant at the top. Sashes are worn, but waistbands seldom. The sash is a wide ribbon, which is arranged as a scarf at the back, or looped irregularly from one hip to another. The only instances in which waistbands are adopted are when small mantelets of either China crêpe or Sicilienne are worn; these cross in front as a fichu, and the ends are passed beneath the waistband, which is fastened with a large blue steel buckle.

DRESSES FOR MORNING HOUSE WEAR.

White piqué will be but little worn this summer, but striped cambrics for early morning house wear will be fashionable. Stripes of two widths are used for a single costume or wrapper, which is made in the Princesse or Gabrielle form, buttoning down the front; a deep Spanish flounce is added round the skirt, sometimes commencing as high as the knee. The dress, or rather wrapper, itself is of the finer stripe, the pockets, revers, cuffs, and flounce of the wider stripe. But the feature of the season in morning washing dresses will be self-coloured batiste covered all over with English machine-worked embroidery; made up either as bodices and tunics, or as polonaises, and worn over brown or black silk skirts. There is a new square-meshed canvas batiste also to be used in the same manner.

MAISON ROGER EXHIBITION.

The Maison Roger, which has a speciality for what are known as morning costumes *de grande fantaisie* (appropriate for races, weddings, and receptions), has had an exhibition during the week, and the show rooms have been well filled with visitors in quest of novelties. The number of black costumes profusely ornamented with jet is still surprising; but the newest variety were those trimmed with a mixture of velvet guipure d'art. I will cite an example. Skirt of sailor-blue faille, bordered with a narrow plaited flounce stitched down in the centre; the back breadths were trimmed with five flounces; the tunic, which was long and round in front, was made of alternate stripes of sailor-blue velvet and guipure d'art. These stripes were narrower in front than at the back; at the sides, as well as at the back, they diminished in width as they approached the waist. Blue faille bodice, with a sleeveless jacket of velvet and guipure above it. The blue faille sleeves were ornanented with revers of velvet and guipure d'art.

NEW MATERIALS.

The sales at the Magasin du Louvre continue to attract a large concourse of buyers, all eager for summer bargains; the variety of accessories for toilettes of all sorts purchasable a this establishment is marvellous. For example, petticoats of dark blue linen, trimmed with four or five flounces, each one edged with three rows of narrow white braid, are sold at marvellously low prices, as are tunics of écru batiste embroidered with écru thread, and fringed with straw; jackets of bège, ornamented with galloon, and bordered with fancy fringe; dolmans of black cashmere, covered with jet lozenges, are all sold by hundreds. Among the spring dresses offered at the Louvre there are several new materials, like Algerinne, that has been in vogue for some time. They are striped, and to be had in all shades. When the stripes are of the same colour it is much easier to make them up than when they are a contrast, and also I consider them in better taste. In almond colour, réséda, and turquoise blue, this striped fabric is very satisfactory. There is a deep blue stripe on an écru ground which is a pretty fantasie. Black worsted guipure and écru guipures are lavishly used on these Algerienne costumes. Dark blue with red stripes—the red being somewhat of a dull shade—makes up into original morning wrappers. The skirts are bordered with a deep flounce, and the redingote fastened with enormous old silver buttons. The revers are likewise on a large scale.

Flower Garden and Kitchen Garden.

Flowers and Shrubs.—Evergreen trees and shrubs may still be transplanted, mulching the roots with litter or leaves, over which an inch or so of soil should be placed. From conifers all contending leaders should be removed, leaving only the most promising; where there is a deficiency of vigour in the leader, it should be encouraged by judiciously removing the points of the side branches, or, if necessary, thinning them. Hardy ferns wintered in pots may now be planted in ferneries out of doors, or in other shady spots. Annuals, such as mignonette, saponaria, and candytuft, should be sown out of doors where they are to bloom. American aloes may be planted or plunged outside in beds, or placed on rock-work, or in vases where they are to remain during summer; in case of frost, a mat may be thrown over them. Edgings of the hardier succulents around flower-beds and borders may be made. Hollyhocks, the better kinds of foxglove, sweet Williams, and rockets, may be planted out where they are to remain. Gladioli should be planted, box edgings pruned, and ivy clipped. The latter should be cut close in to the wall, even though it should be rendered leafless; in a short time it will be covered with the most beautiful bright green young foliage imaginable. Broad grass walks may now be trimmed and swept, and lawns regularly mown and rolled.

Pits and Frames.—Continue to propagate bedding plants, and such as are rooted should be potted or pricked into boxes; those a little established should be gradually inured to the air, and strong well-hardened plants fully exposed, and shut up at night. Pyrethrums, variegated grasses, sedums, &c., should be placed outside on wall-sheltered borders, where mats can be thrown over them if necessary. Stocks, asters, and marigolds may now be sown on slight hot-beds; and, as soon as up, they should be gradually inured to the air. Those up and fit to handle are pricked off into boxes and pans, and kept near the glass. Auriculas require plenty of water at the root; but great care should be taken to prevent water or drip from coming in contact with their flowers and foliage. Carnations should now be shifted into their flowering pots, and those for outdoor decoration turned into beds or borders. Heartsease may be sown, and established plants planted out. Bulbs done blooming should be placed in frames, where they can be kept rather dry so as to induce them to ripen.

Vegetables.—Winter spinach is now pushing up strong fleshy leaves, therefore have the beds cleaned and hoed. Hoe and clean parsley beds after the leaves have been picked for market, and, if not already done, sow some seeds for autumn and winter bearing; March, however, is the best month for this operation. During the last three weeks there has been plenty of seakale obtained from the open fields, in which it is cut as soon as the tops are discerned making their way through the earthed-up soil. Finish the earthing-up of asparagus ridges. Parsnips are now beginning to appear; therefore, where lettuces are planted between the lines, they should have the earth about them loosened with a short hoe, and the alleys between, *i.e.*, where the parsnips were sown, raked smoothly, but not deeply with a foot-wide iron-toothed rake, so as to break the surface and to facilitate the egress of the seedlings through the soil. Earth up beans and draw the rake over the soil where they have not yet germinated. Beans are generally planted in rows 2½ feet apart, with a line of cabbages between them, the latter being removed before the former require the space. Radishes will now grow quite freely without coverings of litter—*i.e.*, if the weather keeps fine and birds are kept off them. Therefore, remove such protection, which should be placed in the bottom of the manure heap to soak and rot. Still, however, keep litter on rhubarb, for under it the leaf-stalks always come cleaner and crisper than when grown uncovered. Plum trees are in full flower, pear trees are extremely promising, as are also cherries; indeed, the fruit harvest, if uninjured by frosts and dry easterly winds, bids fair to be a good one. Cucumbers should now be planted out in frames, and well covered at night with litter. Keep the frames close for some time after they have been planted out. Those who grow melons should now plant them in the frames in which they are intended to be grown.—*The Garden.*

Nick-Nacks.

"Why is your milk so warm this morning, my lad?" said a customer to the milk-boy. "I'm sure I can't tell," was the simple reply, "unless it's 'cause they put hot water in it 'stead of cold."

A party of lynchers in Nevada lately told a victim he could choose what kind of a tree he would be hanged upon. "Then let it be a gooseberry bush," said he. "That isn't big enough," was the reply. "Never mind," said he, "I'll wait till it grows."

In a real-property case before a French judge, at an early period of the Revolution, the defendant, whose title was contested, proved that the estate had been in his family for more than two hundred years. "Well," said the judge, "it is now full time for another family to have a turn."

A letter was mailed in one of our post-offices the other day that had no postage stamp on it, but in place of the stamp had the following written on one corner of the envelope: "Mr. Postmaster, don't charge no postage on this; the stamp wouldn't stick, so I tore the thing up."

EPIGRAM ON MISS BREAD.

While belles their lovely graces spread,
 And fops around them flutter,
I'll be content with my little Bread,
 And won't ask for any *but her.*

A little girl sent out to hunt eggs came back unsuccessful, and complained that "there were lots of hens standing around doing nothing."

"Has that cookery-book any pictures?" said Miss Ernestine Wilhelmina Fubbs to a bookseller. "No, miss, none," was the answer. "Well," exclaimed the young lady, "what is the use of telling us how to make a good dinner if they give us no *plates?*"

A little boy had lived for some time with a penurious uncle. The latter was one day walking out, with the child by his side, when a friend, accompanied by a greyhound, addressed him. The little fellow, never having seen a dog of so slight and slim a texture, clasped the creature round the neck, with the impassioned cry, "O doggie, doggie! and do you live wi' your uncle too, that you are so thin?"

Reading.—A negro, who had learned to read, wishing to give an idea of it to some of his acquaintances who had never seen a book, said, "Readin' is de power ob hearing' wid de eyes instead ob de ears."

A young lady, in conversing with a gentleman, spoke of having resided in Aberdeen. "Was Aberdeen your native place?" asked the gentleman. "Well, yes—part of the time," innocently responded the lady.

A man who was annoyed by clerks in the Custom-house was advised to complain to the collector, which he did, saying, "Sir, I have been abused here by some of the rascals in this place, and I come to tell you of it, as I understand you are the principal!"

A happy misquotation by a young lady, whose gentleman stayed too late, caused a speedy good-by. The clock struck twelve, and she remarked, Now is the witching hour of night when all good people yawn."—*American Paper.*

JUDICIAL v. MILITARY.

"So you're an *officer*, they say!"
 The Judge observed to Captain Drew;
"But, like the anecdote, you may,
 Perhaps, not be a soldier too."
"And you're a Judge!" the witness cried:
 "Alas! a pity 'tis, 'tis true,
When there's a question to decide,
 That you are not a lawyer too."

A lady promised to give her maid ten pounds as a marriage portion. The girl got married to a man of low stature, and her mistress on seeing him was surprised, and said, "Well, Mary, what a little husband you have got!" "La!" exclaimed the girl, "what could you expect for ten pounds?"

A minister having preached a very long sermon, as his custom was, some hours after asked a gentleman his opinion of it. He replied that "it was very good, but it spoilt a dinner worth two of it."

During a recent performance of the *Lady of Lyons* at the Mormon Theatre in Salt Lake City, an old elder got up and indignantly walked out of the house with his twenty-four wives, muttering, "I won't stay and see a play where a man makes such an awful fool of himself about one woman!"

Mamma: "What is baby crying for, Maggie?" Maggie: "I don't know." Mamma: "And what are *you* looking so indignant about?" Maggie: "That nasty greedy dog's been and took and eaten my 'punge cake!" Mamma: "Why I saw you eating a sponge cake a minute ago." Maggie: "Oh, that was baby's!"

Two little boys, who were familiary called Tom and Jack, on there first day at school, were asked their names, to which the first replied, "Tom." "That is not polite," said the teacher; "your real name is Thom-as; be sure and always say Thom-as. And now, my little man"—turning to Jack, whose face seemed suddenly to brighten up with the light of a new idea—"what is your name?" "Jack-as!" triumphantly exclaimed the little urchin.

At a school at Newcastle the master asked a class of boys the meaning of the word "appetite." After a short pause, one little boy said, "I know, sir; when I'm eatin' I'm happy, and when I'm done I'm tight!"

An Affecting Advertisement. — "The young lady who eloped yesterday is invited to return to her *disconsolate parents*; but if she will not come back, she is *earnestly* requested to send home the key of the kitchen cupboard *immediately.*

It is related of Wharton, the Professor of Poetry in Oxford, that after partaking of a Sunday dinner with a friend, he repaired to his service at the church. On his way, he was powerfully saluted with the cry of "Live Mackerel!" During the singing of the psalm, he slumbered in the pulpit, and on the organ ceasing, he arose half awake, and, instead of commencing the prayer, startled the congregation by giving in a loud voice a part of the cry still ringing in his ears: "All alive, all alive, O!"

A Resolute Father.—Some one, observing a man of ninety in the Highland army of 1715, asked him how he, so old and feeble, could think of joining an enterprise in which he could render no active service. "Whee, sir," said the old man, who was from the head of Aberdeenshire, "I ha'e oyes [grandchildren] here, and I ha'e sons; and if they dinna dee their duty, can I no shoot them?"

General Anstruther, who represented the East of Fife burghs at the time of the Porteous mob, gained unpopularity by voting for the bill against the city of Edinburgh. Having to go south, he deemed it imprudent to cross the Frith by the usual ferry, and pass to Edinburgh direct; so he got a couple of stout fishermen and a boat at Elie, and crossed to East Lothian. On the passage, he fell into conversation with the two men. "Well, I suppose you fellows are all great smugglers?" "Ou, ay," said one of them dryly; "but I dinna think we ever smuggled a general before!"

A writer of the last century relates that Mr. Von B——, envoy at St. Petersburg, went one morning to pay a number of visits. Among other houses at which he called there was one where the servants did not know him, and consequently he was under the necessity of giving in his name; but this he found he had entirely forgotten. Turning round to a gentleman who accompanied him, he said with much earnestness: "For God's sake, tell me who I am!" This odd request excited laughter, but he insisted on being answered, adding, that he had entirely forgotten his name.

Chinese Nuns.

There were no spinsters in China except the nuns who dedicated their virginity to Buddha. These ladies shave their heads like the Buddhist priests, and thus deprive themselves of the only sign of gender—their hair dressed *à la* teapot. I paid them a visit in an old tumble-down convent, more intricate of navigation than even the mandarins' labyrinth- like palaces. Yet, strange to say, into this nunnery a gentleman friend had the entrée. I also noticed that the nuns had male servants, as in every establishment in China, even European. For although one may obtain a woman to nurse a baby, or even under pretence of tending a lady, get a woman to squat on the floor of a sick room, it is very rarely you can induce them to do any work whatever. A nurse employed by a friend of mine refused to carry the baby out of doors or roll it in the perambulator, and a coolie had to be engaged for the purpose. The great business of the nuns is to do the praying for the female portion of sinners. They visit the sick, and perform ceremonies over them which are considered alike beneficial for this world and the next—a sort of Buddhist "extreme unction." These women are reared and brought up for the priesthood, like the vestal virgins of the Romans.

This being the case, I could not account for their singular ugliness. Perhaps it was the shaven head which made them so unprepossessing, and which conveyed the impression, in spite of my knowledge to the contrary, that they were lunatics. However, they received me with the same gracious civility as their handsome lay sisters, and indulged in a thorough feast of curiosity over me. Nothing escaped them until they got hold of my purse, when they forthwith began to beg as hard for money as many religious Christian dames I wot of. "We are so poor," argued the abbess, a little old woman, crooked, gnarled, and round-headed like a nobstick; "and we cannot go out to beg like the monks; who get so much. Look at our best image of Buddha," she cried, dragging aside a battered curtain, "with his head knocked off!"

There he was, surely enough, holding his head on his lap. "Put it on again," I suggested, my organ of order being offended.

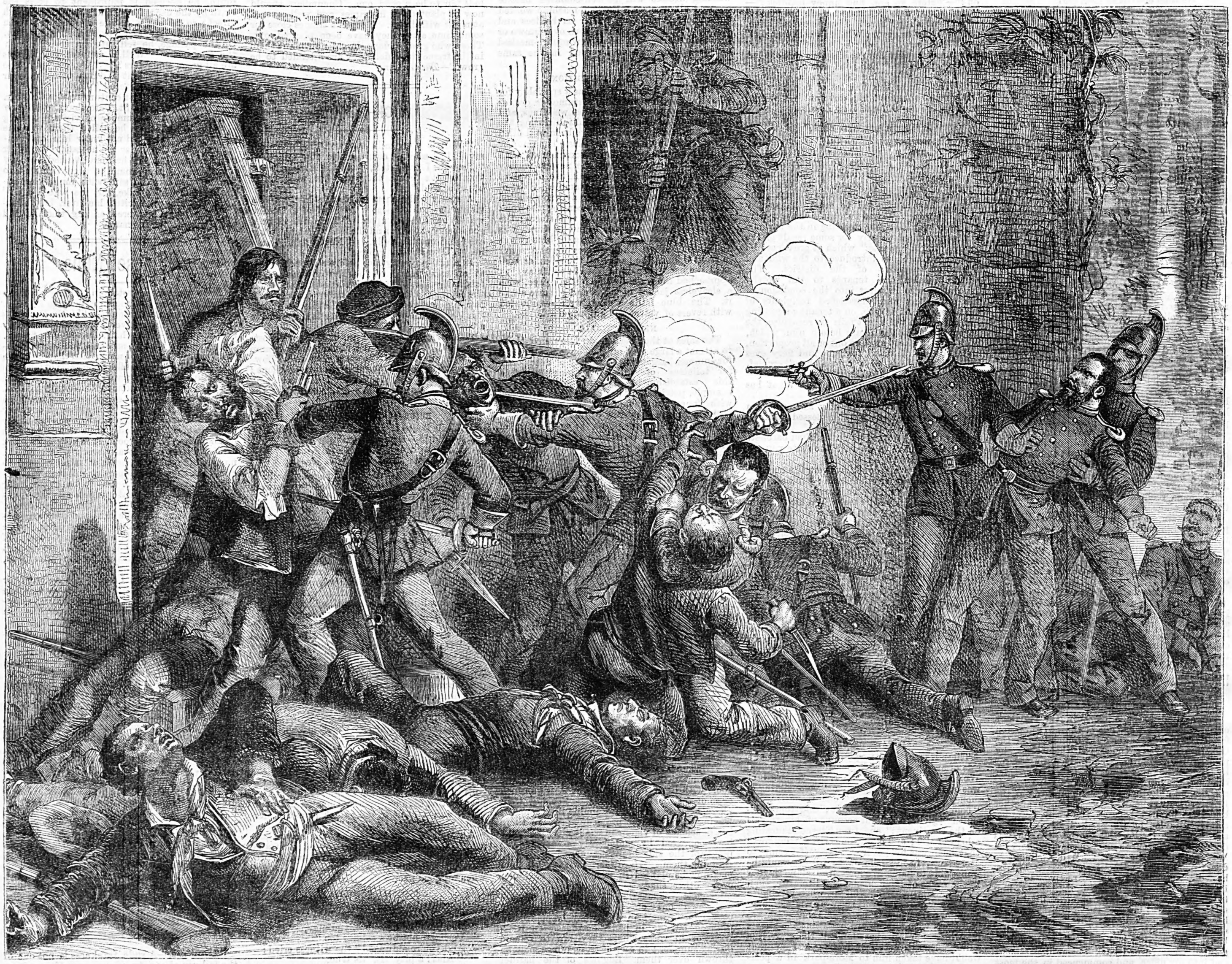
"It will not stick on," said the old abbess piteously, yet making the attempt, when the head niddle-noddled in a grotesque fashion. "Why will you not give enough to buy a new one? It was your own infidel cannon-balls, when the Fan Kwie shelled our city, that carried off the head of our richest and most beautiful Buddha! Ah! that was a dreadful time! You ought to give us money to compensate us." And the poor old lady clasped her hands and her long nails rattled like quills.—*Temple Bar.*

Frankness.—A rude frankness is not one of the failings of society in our age. If you have done anything, or taken any course which you suspect to be imprudent, or imagine the world may think so, be assured the latter is the case if you never hear any one allude to the subject. Or, if any silly person has been speaking disparagingly of you, and you hear reports of it in various quarters, you may equally be certain that no credence has been given to it, for, had the contrary been the case, undoubtedly no word of it would ever have reached you. Plainness of speech must have fled to some region at a different stage of civilisation than ours. In so far as this arises from delicacy of feeling, let us be thankful.—*Dr. Robert Chambers.*

"Auntie Jean."—What appinessh is sometimes diffused in a dwelling by the presence of a kindly-natured maiden aunt! It was the fate of the Constable family at Craigcrook to be so cheered by Miss Jean Willison, sister of Mrs. Constable, and who was familiarly known as "Auntie Jean." In her youth she had been sent to France for her education, and there she became the admired of a young French gentleman, who in token of his affection, presented her with a box of bonbons. Jean was too good a daughter to marry without her father's approval, and the Frenchman was left to sigh in vain. An end was abruptly put to the affair by the outbreak of the war with England. Jean fled, and got home in safety. What became of the forlorn wooer we are not told. Jean's feelings, however, had been touched. She treasured the box of bonbons, at the bottom of which she found a ring. This sad memorial of hopes now for ever vanished, she put on her finger, and listening to no other lover, devoted herself to the duty of a ministering angel in the family of her sister. Latterly, in her old days, Auntie Jean became a little eccentric, and somewhat deaf. When dying, she said confidingly: "If I should be spared to be taken away, I hope my nephew will get the doctor to open my head and see if anything can be done for my hearing!" In this wavering state of mind, the gentle being passed away to her rest. Auntie Jean's ring, as it ought to be, is still preserved as a family relic.—*W. Chambers.*

Three Weeks' Flight for Life.

Mr. Ralph Keeler, the able correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, who came to a tragic end off the coast of Cuba, furnished the *Atlantic Monthly* with a graphic account of the escape from Harper's Ferry of Owen Brown, one of the sons of the famous John Brown, the substance of the narrative having been taken down from the lips of the brave fugitive himself. On the memorable Sunday night of the 16th of October, 1859, when the attack was made on Harper's Ferry, which resulted in the discomfiture of John Brown and his band, Owen Brown, Barclay Coppoc, and Frank J. Merriam were left to guard arms and ammunition at a place which they called their boarding-house, five miles north of Harper's Ferry. On hearing the firing they armed themselves with rifles and revolvers, and proceeded in the direction of the ferry; but from a man named Charles Plummer Tidd, who joined them, they learned what had been the result of the attack, and they immediately recognised the necessity of seeking safety in flight, as they knew that a price would be put upon their heads. They were likewise joined by another man named John E. Cook, who told Owen Brown that his father had been killed, which was not the case. After gathering together what provisions they could, they resolved on following the mountain ranges, which tended in a north-easterly direction, and which would take them to their friends in the Northern States, or to Canada. A most exciting narrative is given by Owen Brown of the hardships they endured, and the hair-breadth escapes they made in their long three-weeks' flight. For the most part they travelled overnight, and kept themselves close under covert during the day. Here is a passage, in which they are shown as hard beset, though they managed to escape capture :



SLAUGHTER AND CAPTURE OF BRIGANDS.

A little way up on the border of the forest we found some pitch-pine shavings and some wood, and here, in spite of all I could say, the boys made a fire. We were all wet and cold and exhausted by want of food, and I suppose the temptation was pretty strong. It was not yet daylight. Our fire, a very bright one, had been burning but a little while when we were visited and startled, for a moment, by — an owl. He took his seat on a neighbouring tree, and hooted at us. In the course of half an hour, while we were munching our corn—we had no potatoes, or we might have roasted them—we heard what were unmistakably human voices, calling to one another, it seemed, in the valley below. Soon after we heard the baying of hounds, evidently in pursuit of something, as any one used to dogs could tell. Now we had just crossed this valley, leaving our tracks, of course, in the snow, and the idea that we were followed immediately flashed upon us. We were not a minute in putting that fire out, scattering and covering every stick and ember in the snow and earth.

Then we hurried farther up the mountain into the thickets. We could hear all the time that the hounds were approaching us. On we pressed till after daylight. All of a sudden we came upon a clearing with a house on it, and a road running along the summit of the mountain, and a man driving a span of horses with a load of wood, along the road—but a few rods away. Though the noise of the hounds was increasing and coming nearer and nearer, we had to wait till the man and team were out of sight. He fortunately did not see us. We travelled on perhaps a mile further through the woods and laurel, until the day was so light and the hounds so near, that we made up our minds it was time either to camp or fight. I counselled the boys, however, not to shoot the dogs, unless there were men with them. If you understand dogs, there isn't much danger from them. I never saw one that would bite me. Dogs, you see, are like men; if you pretend to know them, they are not sure but you do, and at least believe that a certain civility is due to the doubt. The fact that you aren't afraid of them, too, has to both dogs and men a convincing, peace-making mystery about it. And so we stopped and waited for the hounds. In a little while there was a light cracking of the brush, and a red fox with his tongue out, showing that he was much blown, broke past us down towards the valley. Soon after came the hounds. They stopped and stared at us a moment, then went on after the game. Had they been put on our track? Of course I cannot say for certain. If they were, they pursued the fox, instead, being no doubt more used to that sort of hunting. Some of us believed that if it had not been the little animal's struggle for life, it would have been ours. At any rate, the boys were not so prone to build fires after that. It was many days and nights, cold and wet ones too, before they attempted it again. We went on a mile or two farther, well out of the way of the dogs and fox, and there we camped, seeing no more of them or of any one else that day, or indeed the next two or three days.

There is a gap in the mountains on the pike below Boonesboro', leading from Hagerstown to Baltimore. That I knew would be place of great danger; there was nothing like safety for us till we should get across that pike. We had no other practicable way of getting out of Maryland. And we heard enough firing both day and night to show us how thoroughly the country was aroused and after us. Already the want of salt, the scarcity of food, the change of night into day, the fatigue of carrying Merriam's luggage besides my own, and the bag of dry corn for all of us began to make me dizzy. I noticed that the others staggered sometimes. We would almost always every one of us fall asleep when we sat down to rest, and we would sleep soundly, no matter how frosty it was. Finally, one night, we became aware that we were approaching this perilous gap in the mountains. When we came in sight of the pike in question, we heard the baying of hounds in nearly every direction—big hounds and little hounds and all sorts of dogs. I never heard so much barking before in my life. At a sudden trend in the mountain, the gap was opened up before us; and what a sight it was! There must have been a hundred fires in view, flaring out of the darkness, —alarm fires, we took them to be, of those who were watching for us. They had heard, as you know, that Cook had a large party of men, and they had, I presume, gone in there to head him off. Their hounds, probably, had followed them to camp, and had got after game in the neighbourhood. There must have been a host of warriors, if there was any reasonable proportion between the men and dogs. I saw that our chances of getting out of that were very slight indeed. I did not say it to the boys though. I told them very promptly that was no place for us. They were quite ready to follow me. We retraced our steps half a mile or more, came upon a road, and followed it, right past a tall log-house. Though a dog rushed out and barked at us, we thought best to keep straight on. We followed the road down the mountain till we came to a spring, where, having hastily drunk and washed our faces, we turned off down to what we supposed to be was Cumberland Valley. Our object was to get across that Baltimore pike at some place out in the open valley, away from the gap and the people watching for us there. It was already as late as midnight. We could not tell exactly for there was no timepiece in the party. It was plain to every one of us that our safety depended upon our getting across the pike and valley to the mountains beyond, before daylight. Nothing but the excitement of this fact enabled some of us—especially Merriam—to accomplish what we did that night.

Here is the account of poor Cook's capture :

We stopped at a clear spring that afternoon, and ate the last of the provisions bought the day before. Then the boys said it would be a good time to go and get a new supply. More earnestly than ever I tried to dissuade them, but to no purpose. They outnumbered me. Coppoc wanted to go this time. I said, since they were determined that somebody must go, Cook was the man most fitted for the mission, and I gave him money, and the same red silk handkerchief. He left everything but one revolver, and took his leave of us, as nearly as we could judge between three and four o'clock in the afternoon. As I have told you before, we had no timepiece in the party. I don't know whether it was before or after this, that we lost all reckoning of the days of the week. That will be my excuse if I have got them wrong in this narrative, and that, too will give you some idea how bewildering fatigue is, and hunger, and a couple of States on the look-out for you, eager for your blood. Cook hadn't been gone long when two ravens flew over our heads, croaking dismally. You may think it queer, but it struck every one of us as a bad omen. We waited till dusk, but Cook did not return; we waited till dark and starlight, still he did not come; we waited till nine o'clock, till midnight, and still he did not come. He might have got lost we thought; and we lingered about calling and watching for him till at least two o'clock in the morning. Cook never came.

We knew nothing of his fate till more than a week afterwards, when, as I shall tell you farther on, we got hold of a newspaper one night at a Pennsylvania farm-house, and read of his capture. I have heard since, that, going along in a clearing, he came upon two men chopping wood, and told his hunting-party story to them, asking where to buy food. They appeared very friendly, offering to go and show the way; and they walked along talking socially, one on each side of him. The report says—but I do not believe it—that Cook told them who he was. At a given signal they rushed upon him seizing him by the arms. They must have taken some such advantage of him, for if he had had half a chance, he would have killed them both. He was, as I have told you, I think, already, the quickest and best shot with a pistol that I ever saw. Anyhow, poor Cook was taken that night to the Chambersburg jail, fifteen miles away. Owing to Merriam's exhausted condition, it was thought best to run the risk of sending him on by rail, and it so happened that he got safely back to his friends. Afterwards, when they had reached Pennsylvania, Coppoc made off by stage and rail for Salem, Columbia County, Ohio, where he arrived safely at his old home among the friendly Quakers. Tidd went to Oil Creek, where he stayed a long time, and Owen Brown himself sought refuge in Ashtabula County, Ohio, where his brother John was.

The sole survivor of the marvellous mountain flight now prosecutes, along with the brother just named, the peaceful calling of a farmer on the eastern side of Put-in-Bay Island, in Lake Erie.

Old Smithfield and Bartholomew Fair.

That abominable hot-bed of foul odours, profligacy, and cruelty to animals, Smithfield, is gone. It is as dead as the vile old Bartholomew Fair—once the resort of all the rogues, and the ruin of half the servant girls at the East-end of London, and which for many centuries used to be held in "Smiffle": the Lord Mayor and sheriffs opening the scandalous saturnalia, in full civic state. The elder Kean, they say, once played "Richard the Third," "George Barnwell," and "Harlequin," all in the course of a quarter of an hour, at one of the Bartlemy theatres; and Belzoni, the famous Egyptian traveller, was fain at one period in his strange career to appear in pink tights and spangles and a Roman helmet and plumes at one of the booths in the fair, lifting prodigious weights, and bending great iron bars over his mighty fore-arm, as "the Strong Man of the Desert." But all these tales, and Charles Lamb's delightful paper on his friend Jem White's annual hot sausage feast to the youthful chimney sweeps among the "pens," are as obsolete reading now as the records of the Pie-Poudre Court, as the horrible histories of the burnings and boilings of heretics and coiners in Smithfield, and as the wonderful collection of humours brought together in Ben Jonson's "Bartholomew Fair"; the fanaticism of Zeal-o'-the-Land Bury; the idiocy of Bartholomew Cokes, the Esquire of Harrow; the conceits of Lanthorn Leatherhead, the hobby-horse seller; the knaveries and ruffianism of Knockem, the horse-courser, and Mooncalf, the tapster; and the salt drolleries of Joan Trash, the huckster of gingerbread; and Ursula, the monstrous fat woman who sold roast pig. But Smithfield, when I knew it (an end was made of the fair about '45, I think), was not by any means a funny place. It was a gloomy, filthy, and uproarious nuisance. Every market morning ushered in a day of riot, drunkenness, and cruelty. First, the thousands of sheep and pigs and the hundreds of oxen and calves had to be driven through the crowded streets, or dragged from the miserable lairs about Cow-cross, to be huddled together in the "pens" of Smithfield. Then, when they had been sold, they were driven again—their sides thwacked or prodded with sharp goads, their tails twisted, or their horns plucked out—through the most densely populated thoroughfares, not only of the City, but of the West-end: for there were scores of private slaughter-houses in every neighbourhood:—in Belgravia behind Piccadilly, and close to Grosvenor-square, as well as in Bishopsgate and Whitechapel. Some scores of sheep used to get run over by carts and coaches every market morning; and very often the bullocks, overdriven, tortured, and parched with thirst, went mad, and ran amuck in the genteelest districts—tossing children, goring old ladies, bursting into china shops and smashing the crockery; and affording the keenest diversion to an intelligent populace.—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

Shyness.—Shyness is an infirmity to which many, we may almost say the majority, of the most brilliant geniuses and deepest thinkers have been constitutionally subject. Audacity in satire, and boldness in argument by no means imply corresponding physical nerve, hence it is not surprising to find in the exhaustive analysis supplied by his literary friends of the characteristics of the lamented Merimée that a dignified manner did not, in his case, wholly conceal a measure of nervous timidity. He was less fortunate in this respect than another able writer, Stendhal, who had conquered the emotion by sheer strength of will, and was prodigal of advice on the subject, to all whom it might concern. One of his maxims is worth noting. Speaking of shyness to a friend, who when entering a *salon*, always looked as if he had just broken the china in the ante-room. "Try my old receipt," he added. "Enter in the same attitude as that you happened to adopt on the stairs; be it becoming or not, never mind. Be like the statue of the *Commendatore*, and do not change your demeanour till the feeling has completely passed off."